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## PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE attempted murder of the President of the UNITED STATES is a crime as strange as it is shocking. It was not known that Mr. GARFIELD had an enemy, though he had lately come into collision with an inveterate political opponent. There is little perceptible difference in opinion between the party which elected him and the Democrats, who only maintain their separate organization for the purpose of obtaining office in their turn. The feud between the PRESIDENT and Mr. CONKLING was perhaps somewhat more bitter, because it involved a merely personal issue; but a squabble about the appointment of a revenue collector could scarcely arouse the violent passions which are the most usual cause of political assassination. It seems probable that in this instance the murderer was irritated by disappointment in his hope of official employment. A somewhat similar provocation led to the murder of Mr. PERCEVAL and to attempts which were made on the lives of Sir R. PEEL and Lord PALMERSTON. It is not improbable that the notorious frequency of similar crimes in Europe may have suggested to a weak and vicious mind the possibility of revenge. European or exiled assassins have impaired a main security for human life by making the thought of murder familiar. A principal sanction of the morality code is furnished by unquestioning belief in the universal acceptance of its precepts. Even the miserable excuses which have been made for similar crimes are not urged by any sympathetic apologist in the case of Mr. GARFIELD. The assassination of Mr. LINCOLN sixteen years ago was less surprising, though it excited unanimous feelings of reprobation and horror. The passions which had been aroused by the civil war had not begun to subside, and a few defeated combatants may have regarded the President as the representative of their victorious oppressors. It afterwards appeared that the crime was an isolated act, unconnected with any organized conspiracy; but at first it was naturally supposed to be a result of political motives. Except by the tenure of high office, Mr. GARFIELD has been little known to his countrymen; and down to the date of his nomination his name had not been heard in England or the Continent. The Union enjoys profound peace and unexampled prosperity, and the principal drawback to its felicity has been the absence of any political issue which would form the subject of an interesting controversy. Where Mr. GARFIELD is known he is personally liked, and he belongs to the most popular class in the United States, inasmuch as he practised manual labour before he became a lawyer, a politician, and a President.

According to some accounts, the assassin has endeavoured to give a political colour to his crime by asserting that he was a "stalwart" and a supporter of ARTHUR. The phrase belongs to the latest jargon of New York politics; and it apparently describes adherence to the faction of which Mr. CONKLING is the leader. It is utterly incredible that any section of American politicians should design or approve the atrocity which has been committed; but election managers are capable of founding a charge against their opponents on the desperate attempt of a criminal to propitiate possible allies. The nomination of Mr. ARTHUR as Vice-President was a concession to the section of Republicans which had under the guidance of Mr. CONKLING endeavoured to nominate General GRANT. In the recent dispute on patronage Mr. ARTHUR took the side of Mr.

CONKLING against his own colleague and chief. It was remarked as an anomaly that the possible successor of Mr. GARFIELD should support the claim of the leaders of the Senate to control the patronage of the President. Probably Mr. ARTHUR felt himself bound in gratitude to assist the patron to whom his own promotion was due. American parties have shown habitual indifference to the qualities of a Vice-President, although in three instances he has succeeded to the Presidency. The notorious unfitness of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON for the office which he held after the death of Mr. LINCOLN would have deterred his party from giving him a nomination as President; but he was considered to be entitled to a reward for his desertion of the Democratic party, and for other services which he had during the war rendered to the cause of the North. The title which was conferred as a compliment involved the right of succession to the highest post; and the carelessness of the Republican managers was rewarded by four years of incessant struggle and by an abortive impeachment. There would be no reason to fear the recurrence of similar complications in consequence of the possible succession of Mr. ARTHUR, who is an adroit politician of the customary type; but he might probably disappoint some ambitions which were encouraged and gratified by Mr. GARFIELD. The new President would have had the right to form a Cabinet of his own; and he might not improbably have taken the opportunity of relieving Mr. CONKLING from the consequences of his ill-judged resignation. It seems that Mr. CONKLING has no chance of re-election as Senator; and his colleague and humble follower, Mr. PLATT, has been forced to withdraw in consequence of opportune discoveries made by his adversaries of certain defects in his moral character. A new President might, if he could obtain the confirmation of his appointments by the Senate, substitute Mr. CONKLING for Mr. BLAINE as Secretary of State. The Republican leaders would not regret the closing of the schism which divides their party in New York, if not also in other States. Mr. CONKLING, who would have been Secretary of State if General GRANT had been elected, would have welcomed the opportunity of supplanting his rival.

It is possible that the attempt to assassinate a Republican chief magistrate may modify the ill-concealed toleration with which democratic agitators and factions have regarded the crime of regicide. The numerous political writers who deduced from the murder of the Emperor ALEXANDER the inference that his successor ought to grant a popular Constitution were perhaps scarcely conscious that they were assuming the character of apologists for a brutal crime. The assumption that the fanaticism of the Nihilist conspirators was only an exaggeration of legitimate discontent was calculated to diminish the general indignation and horror. It is not uninteresting to observe the entirely different spirit in which the representatives of extreme English Radicalism discuss the attack on General GARFIELD. Kings and Emperors are supposed to be excluded to some extent from human sympathy; but the freely elected PRESIDENT of the great American Republic ought, in the opinion of extreme democrats, to have been as secure from violence as the humblest member of society. Some Republican enthusiasts will perhaps gradually learn that the security of life largely depends on the sentiment with which murder was formerly contemplated as in all cases the blackest of crimes. The villains of different countries who successively

attempted the lives of the German EMPEROR, the King of ITALY, and the King of SPAIN may probably have had a share in familiarizing the minds of Russian conspirators with the crime which they afterwards perpetrated. The wretched adventurer who has now tried to revenge himself for petty political disappointments on the President of the UNITED STATES had probably been demoralized by the example of European cutthroats. Land League orators whose hints find expression in murder and outrage committed by their followers have contributed their share to the latest crime; and Fenians who incite the Irish rabble of the great American cities to subscribe for the destruction of English public buildings, or of English men-of-war with their unoffending crews, have contributed their share to the confusion of the boundaries between right and wrong. The universal feeling of sorrow and sympathy which has been evoked by the danger of the PRESIDENT may, perhaps, produce a wholesome reaction. It is not surprising that some commentators on the transaction have sought to connect Mr. CONKLING's coarse attacks on Mr. GARFIELD with the outrage committed by one of Mr. CONKLING's obscure adherents. There is no country in which violent language is so unexciting or so innocuous as in the United States. Five or six years ago professedly respectable journals of the Republican party repeated day after day charges of vulgar fraud against the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Those who made the accusation were incapable of believing it, and the readers whom they addressed understood and imitated the insincerity of their instructors, although they hoped to derive political advantage from denunciation of the hostile leader. In accusing President GARFIELD of treachery and corruption, Mr. CONKLING was probably understood only to express his undoubted hostility to a victorious rival. No intelligent American thought the worse of the PRESIDENT, or much the worse of his assailant. It is possible that GUITEAU, who had been a delegate in the interest of General GRANT to the Chicago Convention, may have thought that Mr. ARTHUR, as belonging to the same Republican section, would be more ready than Mr. GARFIELD to consider his claim to an official appointment. It is extremely unlikely that he took any serious interest in the quarrel between the New York Senators and the PRESIDENT. To this extent the political practices which prevail in the United States may perhaps have been among the causes of the crime; but there are defects and anomalies in all political systems, and, when the morality of assassination is once regarded as an open question, there will never be wanting a motive or a pretext for murder.

#### THE LAND BILL.

THE assault which the Duke of ARGYLL delivered against his late colleagues at the end of last week has been so long hanging over their heads that the delay may have enabled them to bear it with more philosophy than would otherwise be at their disposal. Threatened men acquire in this way a kind of adventitious courage; and those members of the Government who were most deeply concerned were fortunately for themselves not members of the House of Lords. The position of Lord GRANVILLE and Lord CARLINGFORD, however, was sufficiently worthy of pity. For years the Liberal party in the Upper House has been even more inferior to its opponents in ability and oratorical power than in numbers. Lord GRANVILLE's pleasant faculty of *pocourante* conversation hardly enables him even to enter the lists with the Opposition leaders, and Lord CARLINGFORD is not high even in the second class of debaters. Lord DERBY, an important but dubious recruit, has not yet formally taken the oaths to his new party, and has hitherto made no sign whatever on the Land Bill. In all time of tribulation the Duke of ARGYLL has hitherto been the mainstay of the Liberal Peers. His oratorical and intellectual ability has, perhaps, been a little exaggerated by his own party, but no one denies that it is very considerable. The Duke of ARGYLL, with a very large share of the faults of his countrymen, has a more than proportionate allowance of their representative merits. He is thoroughly well informed, he is industrious in an extraordinary degree, and he treats every subject which he handles without, indeed, much breadth or originality of view, but, within his limits, with great good sense and much weight of downright logic. When there is added

to all this the mechanical advantage of a most carefully acquired style and delivery, which, if it never rises to eloquence, frequently attains a range considerably higher than that of mere ready debating, the total warrants the assigning to the DUKE of a position (now that Lord BEACONSFIELD is gone) second only to that of Lord SALISBURY, and perhaps Lord CAIRNS. On Friday week all these gifts were turned against the speaker's own side, and the artless excuses of Lord BESSBOROUGH, the endeavours of Lord CARLINGFORD to divide himself into two gentlemen at once—one a Commissioner and the other a Cabinet Minister—and to defend himself in the one capacity when speaking no word in the other, and the desperate attempts of Lord GRANVILLE to contend for a kind of previous question, only enhanced by contrast the importance of the DUKE's speech. That speech has, as was natural, been violently attacked by the extreme partisans of the Government, and by the persons individually damaged by it, while, on the other hand, efforts have been made to represent it as a mere academic exercise of no practical value. Yet it is indubitable that in it the Duke of ARGYLL materially weakened and almost destroyed the value of the BESSBOROUGH Commission, that he completely refuted the favourite Radical doctrine of an ancient and long-obscured tenant-right, that he proved to demonstration that his colleagues had no business to bring in a Land Bill at all, and that he proved by implication that their actual Land Bill was faulty and bad. The Government were certainly well advised in refusing to meet the assault directly. But no debate and no division on the Land Bill could be more damaging to them than the Duke of ARGYLL's explanation of his parting company.

A majority of 132 on the amended 7th Clause—that is, virtually on the Bill—may have consoled Mr. GLADSTONE for his late colleague's unkindness. It certainly showed that the quality of fidelity may still be assigned without fear to the Liberal party in the House of Commons. It is a vacillating and uncertain fidelity, requiring much humouring and management to keep it undisturbed, but it still exists. There is probably not one single man in the House of Commons except Mr. GLADSTONE who regards the Land Bill on its merits, and without *arrière pensée*, with any other feelings than those of distrust, dislike, and doubt. To a few Irish members it may be agreeable, because it is another slice of the cake, because it carries out their private crochets, because it offers chances in abundance for future exploitation of the covetous lawlessness of the Irish people. As an attack on landlords' rights, it is, of course, welcome to the English Radicals. As an attempt to settle a question which (owing to what immediate causes does not much matter) evidently demands settlement, it is tolerated grudgingly and reluctantly by a very large number of members. These various feelings, joined to the simpler and still powerful one of subservience in all things to Mr. GLADSTONE's whims, assure the passage of the Bill in some shape or other through the House of Commons. The division against the amended 7th Clause may perhaps be, formally at least, found fault with as inconsistent with the policy pursued at the time of the second reading. Yet, also on formal grounds, it may seem to have been justified by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's indication of the objectionable words inserted at Mr. RUSSELL's wish. The sting of the clause was, however, extracted by Mr. GLADSTONE's omission of the obnoxious directions as to the manner of ascertaining tenant-right. Mr. RUSSELL's addition is only open to objection because it implicitly asserts the tenant's interest, and that assertion is the object and cause of existence of the entire Bill and of every clause in it.

The main point of importance in the history of the Bill during the present week is undoubtedly Mr. FORSTER's announcement of the Government proposals as to arrears. These have been anxiously expected, and will, no doubt, lead to a good deal of debate. They bear on their face obvious marks of the desire to disarm opposition which, after a long period of directly opposite conduct, has recently marked the Government course. Like all the rest of the Bill, the new provision is an elaborate departure from the ordinary principles which have long governed legislative interference with matters of business in England. Of arrears previous to 1878 Mr. FORSTER takes no notice whatever, and this silence will probably be construed in very different ways. That there are tenants, and many of them in Ireland, whose indebtedness to their long-suffer-



ing landlords extends much further back is certain. Apparently, however, the proposal is that a tenant who pays fifty per cent. of the rent due on 1878 and 1879, and comes to terms with his landlord as to the rent for 1880, is to be protected from disturbance. The evident assumption that many holders will of their own means satisfy the demands of this provision shows more clearly than anything else how hollow the present agitation is and how unworthy most of the complainants are to be assisted. Those, however, who really need help are to be helped out of the all-sufficing Church Fund, which is to advance the sum required, though, inconsistently enough, the landlord, and not the tenant, is to be responsible for repayment. This is to be got out of the tenant by a yearly increment on the rent of the fifteen years' holding which the Act confers. It is almost impossible to say how the plan will work. That many landlords would be exceedingly glad to compound their claims of arrears for half the amount due on 1878 and 1879, and the whole due last year, is certain. But men in a beggared condition, as many Irish landlords now are through the action of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, are not able to choose. Such an appropriation of the Church fund as that proposed has, it is curious enough to remark, been protested against again and again by Radical organs beforehand. The tenant's newly-created interest, not the landlord's property, should clearly be the pledge for repayment. On this matter, however, only the first, not the last, word has been heard. The limitation of the fortunate persons who are to benefit by this dead lift to tenants at less than 30*l.* a year is sure to excite discontent among Irish members. And the stipulation that the tenant come to terms with his landlord as to the last year's rent will exasperate the Land League more than almost anything else can do. The discussion on the proposed assistance to be given for the purchase of the holding included one remark from an Irish member which is perhaps truer than anything else that has been said. This remark was that Irishmen cared for nothing in the Bill save for this particular opportunity of drawing on the public purse. Meanwhile some utterances of interest in relation to the Irish question have been delivered outside the walls of the Houses of Parliament. The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* has written in that periodical an article urging conciliation with Ireland, which is even more eloquent and interesting than his usual work, but which more than ever suggests the famous and terrible quotation, "Ach! mein lieber Sulzer, Er kennt nicht diese verdamnte Race." Mr. FAWCETT has proved his good sense, and has perhaps surprised and chagrined some of his own party, by elaborately demonstrating the wisdom and justice of the rejection of the Disturbance Bill last year by the House of Lords. Mr. FORSTER may not be grateful to his colleague for awakening the remembrance of his own ill-considered outbreak by a cool argument, that, in face of a dwindling majority in the House of Commons, the conduct of the House of Lords could not be considered unreasonable. This seems to intimate a sobriety of mind which, it may be hoped, is shared by persons more highly placed in the Government than the POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

#### THE GREEK QUESTION.

THE short discussion on the Greek question which took place a week ago in the House of Lords summed up in an accurate and intelligible form a transaction which, it may be hoped, is now virtually concluded. There was no serious difference of opinion between Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SALISBURY, though it was consistent with custom that the leader of the Opposition should point out incidental miscarriages which, as he candidly admitted, had not affected the result. The Conference of Berlin was undoubtedly a mistake; and Lord SALISBURY might, if he had thought it worth while, have expatiated on the risk and embarrassment which it caused. But for the hasty decision of the Plenipotentiaries, or of the Governments which they represented, the Greeks would probably not have spent large sums on their armaments; nor would they have threatened a dynastic revolution as the alternative of war; but the mischief has gone no further. Lord GRANVILLE may probably have formed a cooler judgment than the newspaper Correspondents who were completely deceived by the noisy enthusiasm of Athens. It was evident that the Greek Ministry would have been

guilty of culpable and disastrous folly if they had ultimately refused to accept the proposals of the Great Powers; but sometimes nations are as foolish as private persons, and the Greeks might at any time have deluded themselves by their own warlike language. Lord SALISBURY with sound judgment abstained from dwelling on the evils which might possibly have occurred. With the settlement which is actually effected he has good reason to be satisfied.

The most plausible apology for the award of the Berlin Conference is that it nearly approximated to the recommendation which had been appended in the form of a protocol to the Treaty. M. WADDINGTON had proposed to the Congress a somewhat larger cession of territory than that which was earnestly recommended to the Conference by M. DE FREYCINET. According to both projects, the whole of Thessaly, and a considerable part of Epirus, was to be ceded to Greece. The French Government has never explained the reasons of the change which soon afterwards affected its policy. Even after the Berlin Conference, M. DE FREYCINET only consented to take part in the naval operation near Dulcigno on the condition that the allied fleets should afterwards be despatched to Greek waters. The English Government learned with surprise that the French Ministers soon afterwards declined to apply coercion to the Turks, although it still professed a desire for the aggrandizement of Greece. As it had never been the intention of England to act alone, and as Austria and Germany had always taken a secondary part in the transaction, it seemed at one time either that nothing would be done, or that the Greeks would have to acquire the coveted territory by means of their own resources. A more judicious and successful period of diplomatic action coincided with Mr. GOSCHEN'S visit to Berlin. Prince BISMARCK finally consented to take the principal part in the negotiation; and the other Powers gladly followed the lead of Germany. The SULTAN was unusually deferential to a Government from which, with or without reason, he expected effective assistance. Lord SALISBURY cordially recognized the judgment and ability with which Mr. GOSCHEN discharged his difficult duties at Constantinople. Next to the German Government, the English Cabinet and the AMBASSADOR have done most to prevent war, and yet to secure to Greece great material advantage.

Lord SALISBURY concurred in Lord HOUGHTON'S opinion that the acquisition of Thessaly is probably more beneficial to Greece than the larger transfer of territory which was proposed by the Conference of Berlin. The Turkish Government is only weakened by the necessity of controlling malcontent subjects; but the greater part of the Albanian tribes, whether Christian or Mahometan, prefer their present position as nominal subjects of the SULTAN to Greek annexation. As Lord SALISBURY truly said, the Albanian element was not sufficiently taken into consideration during the earlier negotiations. Some of the tribes have since engaged in partial rebellion against the SULTAN'S authority; but it is probable that they would have resisted the occupation of their country by the Greeks. On the other hand, the majority of the inhabitants of Thessaly are Greek in language and religion; and they will have no difficulty in amalgamating with the kindred population to the South. The Wallachians settled in the province, who were supposed to claim separate national rights, have disappeared during the later stages of the controversy. The Mahometans have to content themselves with formal stipulations for the security of their persons and property. The new addition to the kingdom will form a third of the enlarged State, which now, as Lord GRANVILLE observed, nearly coincides with the limits assigned by modern historians to Continental Greece in classical times. Greek politicians will now direct their energies to the acquisition of the islands, and especially of Crete. They may probably hope that at some future time England will follow the precedent of the cession of the Ionian Islands by surrendering Cyprus to Greece. At present the title of the SULTAN, who is, as it were, the feudal superior of the island, renders impossible a transfer to any other Power. Experience must show whether the Greeks of the Kingdom are now disposed to make roads, to suppress brigandage, and generally to improve their domestic administration. Their apologists have always contended that the inadequate extent of the original kingdom explains the comparative failure of the experiment of Greek independence. The acquisition of the Ionian Islands made no change in the system of

government; but the Greeks now hold, as far as population and territory are concerned, a respectable position among minor Powers. Their commercial aptitude is conspicuous everywhere but in their own country; and it must be admitted that they have made great and successful efforts to encourage education. They may learn from Lord SALISBURY'S speech that all parties in England wish them well, and that they would be still more popular if they could become the leading State in the south-east of Europe. It is to be regretted that they should have been placed, not by their own fault, in an attitude of hostility to their Slavonic neighbours. In former times, down to the Crimean war, the Christian subjects of the Sultan were generally designated throughout Europe by the title of Greeks. The antagonism which has since arisen was due partly to novel doctrines of ethnology, and more directly to the religious schism which was ostensibly condemned and secretly promoted by General IGNATIEFF.

Lord SALISBURY, who seldom assumes the character of an optimist, has too much reason for doubting whether in the present day secondary States can in any way affect the balance of power. It is true that the great armies and the elaborate organization of modern times greatly facilitate interference with less powerful neighbours and eventual conquest. It is only by combinations among themselves that the great military Powers from time to time seek to readjust political arrangements, and petty States such as Greece and Bulgaria could not engage in war except by the permission or encouragement of powerful neighbours. Herzegovina, indeed, and Servia were employed by the Russian Government to make war on Turkey; but at the proper time they were withdrawn from the contest to make room for their formidable patron. Perhaps the most practicable method of promoting the objects of Greek ambition would be to cultivate friendly relations with Turkey. The superior acuteness of the Greeks has always given them great influence at Constantinople and in some of the Turkish provinces; and there seems to be no reason why they should not occupy more and more the highest posts in the administration. Even if their energies are confined to the limits of the kingdom, they may command the respect of Europe by setting an example of good government. It is perhaps too much to hope that they should discontinue the vicious struggle for office which causes frequent changes of Ministry and incessant squabbles and intrigues. In a country of entire social equality a democratic constitution is perhaps the only alternative of absolute government; but in itself it is not altogether desirable. The Greeks probably console themselves for their political shortcomings by the reflection that they contrast favourably with their former rulers and with other emancipated populations. There is not an English Ambassador at Athens perpetually employed in demanding the performance of covenants which are violated by chronic and intolerable misrule. Greece is also exempt from the dictation which is exercised in Bulgaria by Russian officers; and the kingdom is comparatively secure from foreign invasion.

#### THE FRENCH IN AFRICA.

EVENTS have moved and are moving so fast that, while we have scarcely recovered from the surprise of having to speak of the French in Tunis, we have to go much further, and to speak of the general position of France in Northern Africa. The Arabs are in revolt at Sfax, on the confines of Tripoli, and they are in revolt in South Oran, on the confines of Morocco. There is, therefore, a revolt which seems of a very determined and dangerous character at the two ends of the French dominion. A holy war has been preached, and at the outset the insurgents have had everything their own way. In Southern Algeria one French expedition has been exterminated, and another has had to retreat. BOU AMENA, a conspicuous leader of the insurgents, has ridden in triumph past a French force sent to catch him, and has dispersed or put to the sword a colony of Spaniards engaged in the cultivation of esparto grass. The survivors of the colony have fled to Spain, and have awakened much pity for their sufferings, and much indignation at the cruel neglect of the French authorities. In a debate in the French Chamber originating in an interpellation moved by three Algerian deputies, it was clearly shown that the authorities had ample warning of what was

coming, and insisted on taking no precautions. The official organs wrote in the most optimistic spirit, and while admitting that there was a little excitement among the Arabs, said it was not of the slightest importance. With cynical frankness, the Ministry owned that the accounts were cooked, and urged that it would have been absurd to agitate the public mind with tidings of difficulties in Algeria while it was being taught that the occupation of Tunis was a trifle, and would be effected without loss of life and without any serious expense. The attitude of the Chamber was decidedly hostile, and on a preliminary point there was a majority against the Government; but when M. FERRY declared that the existence of the Government was at stake, the dread of displacing a Ministry on the eve of the elections prevailed over a wish to inflict censure, however well deserved. The issue, too, was complicated by one of those cross divisions of interests which always exercise so much influence on political decisions. A brother of M. GRÉVY is the Governor of Algeria, and the attack of the Algerian members was primarily directed against him. Many Republican deputies would shrink from condemning the brother of the PRESIDENT; but this was not all. M. FERRY adroitly hinted that, if any one was in fault, it was not the GOVERNOR, but General FARRE, who alone was responsible for taking, or omitting to take, military measures. General FARRE is the staunchest of all the allies of M. GAMBETTA in the Cabinet, and M. FERRY was determined that, if he fell, the friend of M. GAMBETTA should fall with him. He was thus doubly protected, and was able to obtain a nominal victory, although his Ministry had sustained a shock which in ordinary times would have been fatal to it.

The war of the Arabs is against the French as infidels and foreigners, and they are as hostile to all infidels and foreigners as they are to the French. They forced every European who could save his life to escape by sea from Sfax, and they were as pleased to massacre Spanish colonists as Frenchmen in Oran. But the French have undertaken to put down these insurgent Arabs in provinces which are now their own, and other European nations look to them to make good their undertaking. The English Government has sent a vessel to Sfax, but it is only to help Europeans whose lives are in danger, and not to aid the French in their operations. Unfortunately for France, it can do very little at present to hurt the insurgents. Instructions have been given, and have by this time probably been carried out, to bombard Sfax; but, except as a general demonstration of French military power, this must be a wholly ineffectual proceeding. The Arabs are not likely to stay in Sfax to be bombarded, and, if Sfax is ruined as a place of trade, the loss of a petty commerce will not much affect the minds of men who are engaged in a struggle for life or death. Beyond a naval demonstration on the coast, the French can at this season do nothing. Their troops could not march under the fierce sun of an African summer. If they could not catch BOU AMENA in May, they have not much chance of catching him in July. For any serious operations they must wait until cooler weather sets in; and, meanwhile, the insurgents will not only be free to do as they please, but will boast of their successes, and will attract the hesitating by their boasts. In the long run, no doubt, France can put down any Arab insurrection. It is only a question of time, money, and men; but the effort necessary to put down the present insurrection may be a very serious one. Two facts also came out in the debate in the Chamber which will cause much anxiety to reflecting Frenchmen. There is a large force in Algeria, over fifty thousand men; but it is not stationed where it is wanted, and there is only a mockery of a gendarmerie. The southern parts of Algeria are not really fit for European occupation, and to hold permanent positions in burning deserts, where civilization is utterly unknown, would cause a discontent in the French army which a Government would be very reluctant to face. Then, again, after all its efforts and its self-praise, the Republic seems to be labouring under some of the defects which proved so ruinous to the Empire. The French private soldiers have behaved well wherever they have been called on in Tunis or Algeria; but there is a revival of the old complaints that the officers are sadly wanting in intelligence and obedience. It was too vehemently asserted during the debate, and the assertion has found an echo in the organ of M. GAMBETTA, that there was revealed, throughout the whole course of the recent



Algerian troubles, a paralysis of authority. No one would take responsibility, or, if any one took it, he found no one to carry out his orders. To this mischievous state of things M. GAMBETTA's mouthpiece suggests that nothing but the coming elections can put an end. The incapable Republic is to give place to a capable Republic, and France and Europe may ponder over what a capable Republic means.

Will a capable Republic, if a capable Republic such as M. GAMBETTA dreams of comes into existence, engage in a war with Turkey? If France wished to go to war with the SULTAN, a cause of quarrel might be found any day. The SULTAN is very much aggrieved by the treatment he has received from France in regard to Tunis. He has marked his displeasure by refusing an audience to the French Ambassador on his departure from Constantinople, and he has sent strong reinforcements into Tripoli. He also altogether declines to admit the pretension of France to represent in Tripoli the Tunisians, whom he still considers to be his own subjects. Nor can there be any doubt that the presence of a large Turkish force in Tripoli is a menace to the French both in Tunis and in Algeria. The insurgents are encouraged by the support which they think the COMMANDER of the FAITHFUL cannot deny them, and they preach the holy war, which they think he looks on with delight. The SULTAN has every possible right to be in Tripoli, and to keep as many troops as he likes there, and it is scarcely to be expected that the most crushed of monarchs would not turn when he was asked to consider his own subjects, being also men of his own faith, as being even in his own dominions under the protection of a foreign Power. It is not his fault that the French are in Tunis, and that he is dangerous to them in Tripoli. It is not he, but the French, who have made him an obstacle to the new French policy. But he is an obstacle, and a very grave one, and what is very important, the danger with which he menaces France is permanent. There is a logic of wrong doing as well as of right doing, and there can be no doubt that, if the French could only think of their position in Africa and forget their position in Europe, they would take Tripoli merely because they have taken Tunis. It may be added that nothing would better suit a capable Republic than a war in which it would display, develop, and consolidate its capacity—a war with a Power like Turkey, difficult enough to try its strength, and yet in which it was sure to win. The only check on the readiness of France to make war on Turkey—not this month or next, perhaps, but in a measurable distance of time—is the apprehension that such a war would bring on a general European war. A very considerable change in the situation of Europe must take place before France could reckon on taking forcible possession of Tripoli without disturbing the European concert, and France is certainly not at present ready to run the great risk of breaking the peace or truce which now prevails. But the occupation of Tunis, although not opposed by any of the Powers, has introduced a new element into European politics. Among the aims of the nominal protectors of Turkey, there is now a new piece of plunder which one of these protectors means to have; and this gives a forecast of a possible future which it would be idle to disregard.

#### THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. GLADSTONE complied with established custom in reserving one or two Government measures from the inevitable abandonment which he announced to the House of Commons. For many years the Prime Minister of the time has about the same period of the Session been obliged to make a similar statement, and it is always understood that his list of the measures which are still conventionally supposed to survive is not final. On the next occasion Mr. GLADSTONE will be compelled to surrender the Bankruptcy Bill, which indeed only interests a limited class. The House will have spent seven months in elaborating a single Bill and certain executive measures with which it was supposed to have a connexion. The Land Bill, in its final shape, will be the result of many divisions, and also of much unwilling acquiescence. No legislative scheme has been so cordially disapproved by a large section of its supporters, as well as by the hesitating opponents who thought that too prolonged a resistance might be injurious to the interests of the country. If the Bill proves in accordance with general expectation to

be mischievous in operation as it is vicious in principle, the minority will not share the blame of a false policy because they submitted to necessity. There might have been no need of a Land Bill if the Government had held to the resolution which, according to the Duke of ARGYLL, had been originally formed, of awaiting further experience of the working of the Act of 1870. Legislation only became inevitable because it was offered by the Government, after the failure of the miserable device of an extemporaneous Disturbance Bill.

The struggle within the Cabinet, which occupied the autumn and early winter, was principally important because it was certain that the measure which might result from the Ministerial deliberations would thenceforth become the low-water or minimum line of change and spoliation. It is still believed that Mr. GLADSTONE long inclined to comparatively moderate proposals, though he afterwards yielded to the more thoroughgoing opinions of some of his colleagues. The Bill was found to embody the three demands which had been most urgently advanced on behalf of the Irish tenants. Prudent politicians perceived that, unless the Government could be induced to retract some of its concessions, a less revolutionary change was no longer possible. The apologists of the Government had some ground for taunting the Opposition with the certainty that, if it could have displaced the Ministers, a Conservative Government would have been compelled to introduce an equally comprehensive Land Bill. It is allowable to recognize the inevitable character of a course of policy, without acquitting those who had made it necessary. There is no use in defending a pass which has once been turned. One of the most zealous advocates of the Bill makes, on the part of England and Scotland, the plausible demand that the Irish shall be satisfied for a series of years with a measure which has rendered all other legislation impossible. The claim may be reasonable; but there are no means by which it can be effectually asserted. It is nearly certain that the hopes which have been excited, and the disappointments which must occur, will at shorter and shorter intervals revive fresh agitation and appeals to Parliament. It would be well if other portions of the United Kingdom were secure against the application of a precedent now established on the pretext that exceptional measures are required by the peculiar condition of Ireland.

The interruption of legislative activity is not an un-mixed evil. The list of twenty or thirty neglected measures which Mr. GLADSTONE included in one of his indictments against the late Government would leave few existing institutions untouched. It was, on the whole, desirable that a Parliament elected under the influence of clamour and violent rhetoric should wait before it tried its energies in destructive legislation. The English Land Bill, when it is hereafter produced, will probably reflect democratic passions less completely than if it had been produced immediately after the Midlothian speeches and the general election. The appetite for change will no longer be stimulated by the artificial association of wild agrarian theories with the misdeeds of the Turks or with the disasters of the Zulu and Afghan wars. The dis-establishment of the Church has, with the general consent of the party of innovation, been reserved for a future Parliament to be elected by a more numerous and less competent constituency. The postponement for one or two Sessions of household suffrage and of redistribution is unimportant. The democratic managers will assuredly not allow their majority to separate without largely increasing their own influence by electoral changes. The adjournment of the measure will but slightly mitigate its evil consequences by allowing moderate and capable members to be returned by the present constituencies at by-elections; and in some places short-sighted farmers are disposed before they are practically disfranchised to associate themselves with the policy which is most adverse to their interests. It is possible that the destruction of the administrative functions of justices in counties may stand over till after the next election. It is something to retain for a time a system which has worked remarkably well. The late Government was much to blame for not reforming county administration on modern principles. The task was, as in many similar cases, left to be performed by the opposite party, which would legislate with the object of diminishing the influence of property in favour of the numerical majority.

The Bills which the Government have been compelled

to withdraw are of secondary importance. The Bankruptcy Bill, though it seems to have been generally approved by those who understand the subject, may perhaps be presented to Parliament in a still more complete form after further consideration. The much more important measure for the reform of criminal law and procedure had at the beginning of the Session been once more indefinitely postponed. It was probably not without regret that Mr. GLADSTONE relinquished the hope of passing the Parliamentary Oaths Bill, with the consequence of a revival of a disagreeable personal complication. Even those who agree in opinion with the Ministers are probably satisfied of the impossibility of passing at the end of the Session a measure which excites so much strong and angry feeling. The Corrupt Practices Bill is not at present urgent, as there is no prospect of a general election. It was, on the whole, well that a measure which derived its origin from a feeling of legitimate moral indignation should be reserved for a time of calmer reflection. The inquiries prosecuted by the Election Commissioners showed that in several boroughs, almost casually selected, a considerable portion of the constituency was ready to accept bribes on one side or on both; and that persons of good position and of local influence had no scruple in aiding the process of corruption. There can be but one opinion as to the expediency of creating or fostering a sounder electoral morality, if improvement can be effected by legislation; but it may be doubted whether the ATTORNEY-GENERAL is well advised in relying on severity of punishment. Long experience has shown the difficulty of enforcing penalties which are popularly regarded as harsh and excessive. That bribery should be considered a venial offence is both an error and a misfortune; but a moderate increase in the severity of punishment would perhaps be the most effectual mode of discouraging the offence. It is for political moralists rather than for Law Officers to examine the causes of electoral corruption, and the indications which it affords of the competence of different classes of voters. A constituency which is only deterred from giving or receiving bribes by a severe criminal code is not a satisfactory element in a representative system. It may well happen that the demagogue is the alternative of the lavish election agent, or that, as in the United States, corruption may be transferred from the voter to the professional manager of political clubs and organizations. It happens to be necessary to ask for a temporary renewal of the Ballot Act, which has unexpectedly failed to prevent the distribution of bribes. The process of secret voting is open to more than negative objections; but, like other democratic innovations, it is in its nature irrevocable when it has once been established. It was but a barren consolation to the opponents of the Ballot that they were strong enough to substitute an ostensibly experimental enactment for final legislation. It may be confidently assumed that no Parliament elected under the Ballot will at any time recur to open voting. In the present Session all parties will concur in the expediency of a temporary renewal of a measure which is destined to be permanent. If the measures which are abandoned excite no keen regret, the consequences of the mode in which the Session has been spent may too probably be both injurious and permanent. The proceedings of Parliament have never been so tedious or uninteresting. There has been scarcely any room for the legitimate ambition of members, with the exception of the comparatively small body which devoted itself to the elaboration of the Land Bill. The House of Commons has not only almost discontinued the exercise of its legislative functions; it has also in great measure renounced the supervision of domestic and foreign policy. After many weeks Mr. GLADSTONE has not found time for the promised discussion on the affairs of the Transvaal.

#### CENTRAL ASIAN AFFAIRS.

THE ingenuity of those who maintain that the Candahar division was not obtained on pretences practically false; that the assurances of Russia, direct and indirect, in reference to her Central Asian policy have been thoroughly carried out; and that all is well for England between the Caspian and the Hindu Koosh, has been once more put to a severe test. The adventurous Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has for many months enabled Russian official bulletins and the thrice-filtered gossip of Tiflis, St. Petersburg, and Berlin to be

corrected by authentic intelligence, is, it may be remembered, a prisoner at Merv. He does not seem to be kept in severe durance, and his captivity allows him to send occasional messages home; though the Turcomans, either regarding him as a useful hostage, or simply anxious for a ransom, do not appear to be in any hurry to let him go. His last message is dated June 22, and it contains two very important statements. The first is that the annexation of the delta of the Upper Attek, long coveted by Russian military geographers of the stamp of the late General PETRUSEVITCH, has been formally effected. The other is that constant negotiations are going on on the part of the Russian Commandant at Askabad with the view of inducing the inhabitants of Merv to throw themselves into the arms of Russia. The great inducement offered, according to the Correspondent, is a promise that "their territory will be respected, and the further Russian march eastward will be made *via* Meshed." Vague as is the knowledge which many Englishmen (including, it would appear, a majority of the House of Commons) possess of Central Asian affairs, the words "further advance eastward," and the news of a substantial encroachment, not on the Turcomans, but on Persia, can hardly be misunderstood by any one, though their full import may probably not be comprehended. The defenders à outrance of the Government policy in the East—that is to say, the *Pall Mall Gazette*; for the *Daily News*, while persistently affirming that Russia is not dangerous in that quarter, fully admits the awkward appearance of her recent acts and words taken together—have been somewhat hard put to it for comment. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks it certainly for the good of the annexed districts that they should be annexed. The rest of the news it endeavours to dismiss by a somewhat rueful admission that Meshed will now be substituted for Merv as a subject of alarmist fears.

The apparent inference is certainly ingenious. That inference, which very likely the writer did not fully perceive or intend, is that Merv is as little dangerous as Meshed, and Meshed as little dangerous as Merv. With a sufficient ignorance of history and geography, this impression might be produced and maintained. The merest glance at a tolerably good map will show its fallaciousness. It was just possible for a fervent believer in Russia to argue that her presence at Merv was quite natural, reasonable, and right. Merv was the centre of the Turcoman power, the headquarters of the enemies of caravans, the capital of the last independent portion of Turkestan. Its acquisition would completely round off the Russian frontier, would guarantee the safety of trade, would provide an alternative route to Samarkand. All this was perfectly true, though it was but a very small portion of the truth. It is possible, provided there is no objection to deserts and roundabout roads, to go eastward from Merv and by Merv to territory which is already Russian. Now it is not possible to go eastward through Meshed to any territory which answers this description, without passing through Merv also, which would make the Russian promise an absurdity. As an alternative to Merv, Meshed leads not to Turkestan, nor even to what is called Afghan Turkestan, but simply and solely to Afghanistan proper. It would be sufficient to say that the mere contemplation of a further eastern advance is a violation of the undertaking given at the CZAR's accession, even if that advance merely tended towards the securing of the last corner of free ground in Turkestan. But the words used exclude this construction. The Russians will not go to that corner; they say they will not even go through it. That being the case, there is no place left for them to go to except the very place which Liberal not less than Conservative opinion declares not merely to be forbidden ground to Russian troops, but to be outside the zone of Russian influence and operations altogether.

Meanwhile there is the accomplished fact of the annexation on the Attek. The meaning of that annexation is more than that of a new encroachment on Persian territory, undoubted as that encroachment is, for even PETRUSEVITCH himself allowed that the Persian frontier passed to the north of Kuchan, which, we are told, is included in the new rectification of frontier. It is not merely an assumption of a piece of somebody else's property, but an assumption of a very particular piece of some one else's property. To understand this it must be remembered that the road through Akhal and Merv, or even through Akhal without going to Merv, is by no means the best or shortest from the Caspian to Herat and India. It is the only one



which could be taken without violating Persian territory; and the country through which it passes offers a valuable supply of hardy soldiers, but it is long and ill provided. The best way is by Meshed (the way which the Askabad diplomatist proposes); and even then there are alternative routes from Astrabad, or any other point of departure at the south-eastern angle of the Caspian. The shortest of these is the more southerly by Shahrood. This was taken by the *Daily News* Correspondent on the very journey which took him to Merv. But this way has the drawback of trenching too closely (though there is a third little-used road which trenches still more closely) on the great desert which forms the kernel of Persia. The best way, therefore, for an army which has to be fed as well as to move is through the Attrek country, keeping from Tchikislar tolerably close to the river the whole way, but from Astrabad touching it only in the middle of the journey from Badjourn to Kuchan. It is precisely this middle part of the way which the Russians have now either actually annexed or completely commanded by their new annexation. Their work is not quite complete, for to the east of these rectifications there is much fertile and useful country in the districts of which Deregez or Mahmudabad, and Sarakhs, are respectively the centres. But even Russian annexation must proceed with due gradations, especially when assurances have just been given that there is to be no proceeding at all. On the whole the progress announced is quite sufficient to put it into the power of General SKOBELEFF's enterprising and ingenious successor to make his "further advance eastward" by Meshed, and to fulfil the tempting promises he has made to the Turcomans without the slightest difficulty.

There is probably very little hope of inducing those who see all things merely in Mr. GLADSTONE to draw the obvious conclusions from these facts. But it is not the less the duty of every one who is in a position to do so, to give these persons an occasional opportunity of drawing such conclusions. If any one chooses boldly to say that the Turcomans are thieves, that Persia is impotent, and that the sooner Russians and English are fairly face to face on opposite sides of Afghanistan the better, he may claim at least that he reasons with courage, and does not absolutely ignore facts. But if any one attempts to argue that the present state of things does not mean such a confronting of the two Powers within a very short period, he must choose between a conviction for wilful blindness and a conviction for incapacity to form an opinion. We are not, for the present, arguing the advantages or disadvantages of having Afghanistan, and Afghanistan only, as a separating zone, with the Russian road to the edge of that zone easy and well furnished with all things necessary for a great army. What is necessary is to point out, as often as a new step is taken, that this state of things is imminent, and that it has to be considered how it is to be dealt with. To lament over the sad discrepancy between the golden words of the newly-enthroned CZAR and the iron deeds of his rude generals is quite superfluous. It is useless to talk about words; and nobody—nobody, at least, who was acquainted with the subject and not pledged to Radical theories as to English foreign policy—was ignorant of the probability or of the consequences of the deeds. It has been said before, and must be said again, that a Russian invasion of India may be the certain disaster for Russia which some people assert it to be or that it may not, but that the arrangements for facilitating that invasion are, to all appearance, being carried on with a rapidity and a success to which it would not be easy to find a parallel.

#### THE FRENCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE French Senate has made a change in the Compulsory Education Bill which is likely to wreck the measure for the Session. The introduction of compulsion had been made the plea for a complete disestablishment of religion in elementary schools. If parents are to be forced to send their children to school, liberty of conscience demands, in the opinion of the Government and of the majority of the Chamber of Deputies, that the school shall be absolutely neutral ground as regards religious teaching. The Protestant or the Atheist must be under no uneasiness as to the possible infiltration of Roman Catholic doctrines into his child's mind. Consequently the teacher was directed by the Bill as it left the Chamber

of Deputies to teach morality as part of the school course, but to make no reference to religion. The child of the Protestant must hear nothing to shake his Protestantism; the child of the Atheist must hear nothing to shake his Atheism. The example of England was frequently quoted in support of this process of "laicization." It is possible that this blunder, strange as it seems to us, was perfectly genuine. There is nothing, or next to nothing, in France of that vague belief which contentedly finds expression in the permission given to teach the Bible in School Board schools, provided that it be not interpreted in the sense of any particular denomination. Such a compromise is only possible in a Protestant country. In Catholic countries the distinctions between confessions are more sharply defined, and religious teaching means the teaching of Catholicism or of some specific variety of Protestantism. Even had the resemblance between the two experiments been much closer than it actually is, the circumstances under which they are severally tried are too different to allow of any useful comparison. The exclusion of religion from School Board schools might have been much more thoroughgoing than it is without the injury done to religious teaching being nearly so great as that which the French Compulsory Education Bill promised to do. In England voluntary schools are numerous and well supported; in France they can hardly be said to exist. In spite of the occasional disposition of School Boards to claim a larger sphere for themselves, the place which they really have to fill is that of a supplement to voluntary schools. When the Education Act of 1870 was under discussion, there was a general and, as it seemed, well-founded fear lest the formation of School Boards should drive the voluntary schools out of the field. The event has shown how wholly groundless this belief was. In 1880 there were more voluntary schools and more children attending them than there had been ten years earlier. If the School Boards all over the country were to give no religious instruction for the future, only a few religiously disposed parents would be sufferers by the new law. The great majority would find in the neighbouring voluntary schools all that they wanted in the way of direct denominational teaching. In France religion, if it be included in the ordinary elementary studies, must be taught in the communal schools. If a parent is dissatisfied with the absence of religion from the school course, he cannot ordinarily take his child away and send him to a school which he likes better.

These circumstances seemed to suggest the application of what is known in this country as a conscience clause, and to introduce this was the object of an amendment which was warmly supported in the Senate. The Duke DE BROGLIE on the first reading, and M. OSCAR DE VALLÉE on the second reading, proposed that the elementary instruction given in communal schools should include the teaching of religion, except in cases where the parents of the children object to such teaching. The Senate rejected this amendment on both occasions, and the defeated party then turned their thoughts to the better definition of the moral teaching which the Bill directed should be given as part of the school course. M. DELSOL proposed that the morality taught should be religious morality. What would have been the fate of this amendment will never be known; for a speech from M. FERRY, and the use made of it by M. JULES SIMON, prevented the Senate from voting on it. The PRIME MINISTER opposed the insertion of the word "religious" on the plea that the eternal morality is a morality *sans épithète*, and that to define it would only be to narrow it. The morality which the Bill proposed to teach in communal schools was the essence which underlies evolutionist morality, utilitarian morality, positivist morality, independent morality. It was the morality alike of Mr. SPENCER, of KANT, and of M. JULES SIMON. At this point M. FERRY was challenged to say whether this was a morality suited to children; whereupon he substituted another definition of morality, and identified it with the precepts which we have learned from our fathers and mothers—for example, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." The Right at once objected that this is a commandment of God, and therefore is included in the prohibition of religious morality. M. FERRY replied that it was not forbidden to speak of the commandments of God, and was then asked by the Duke DE BROGLIE whether the teacher might speak of God, and by M. BUFFET whether he might speak of duties to God. To this M. FERRY answered,

sensibly enough, that France was still in the main a nation of Theists, and so long as the majority alike of parents and teachers remained Theists, the morality taught in the communal schools would be a morality founded on Theism. What he disliked was the phrase "religious morality." He objected to it because it was unintelligible, and in support of this view he appealed to M. JULES SIMON, who had frequently said the same thing.

It was not long before M. FERRY had good cause to repent that he had helped to provide M. SIMON with an excuse for speaking. The Philosopher began by expressing his pleasure at finding himself so nearly in agreement with the PRIME MINISTER. All that M. FERRY had said about morality he could heartily accept if it was confined to the teaching of morality in the University. Still for children something simpler was wanted than either KANT or SPENCER; Frenchmen do not desire to have their children taught a morality founded on utility or pleasure, a morality without God. Unfortunately, however, a suspicion has grown up that there is a disposition in the Republican party to set up schools from which God will be shut out. M. FERRY, it is true, protests that the Republicans have no such intention; but then M. FERRY is a Minister, and Ministers are the most fragile and transitory of created things. Anyhow, it is not well for the Republican party to be accused of Atheism without taking some step to rebut the charge. "If you dislike the phrase religious morality, you are not afraid, I suppose, of the name of God; and in that case why not insert a paragraph directing the teachers in communal schools to teach the children their duties to God and to their country?" M. DELSOL at once withdrew his amendment in favour of M. SIMON's suggestion, and the debate was adjourned. On Monday the unlucky PRIME MINISTER had to explain away what he had said on the Saturday. Ardent Theist though he was, he was still convinced of the impossibility of directing schoolmasters to teach children their duty towards God, because to do so would raise the question whether the law meant the God of the Christians, the God of SPINOZA, that of DESCARTES, or that of MALEBRANCHE. M. SIMON defended his amendment in a speech which seems to have been one of his best. He insisted that, unless Republicans wished the communal schools to be neutral ground between Theists and Atheists, they ought to make it clear that they meant Theism to be taught in them; and a minority of the party, strong enough to determine the action of the Senate, were of the same opinion.

The indignation of the Extreme Left has been extreme, but it has only incidentally been directed against M. SIMON. M. FERRY is accused of having provoked his defeat by his anxiety to rebut the accusation of Atheism. If he had defended what one of their organs calls "the rights of children mutilated by a hateful encroachment upon the domain of conscience," he would at least have been defeated honourably. The conclusion of M. CLÉMENTEAU's paper is that nothing better was to be expected of a man who could disgrace himself in the Senate by avowing his belief in a God. M. FERRY's defeat will not affect his position as Minister, since he is maintained in that for reasons which have not lost their force, but it will not improve his reputation as a Parliamentary tactician.

#### THE LIBERAL PARTY IN EUROPE.

THE Liberal party is in the ascendant in almost every European country. Russia must be excluded, as in Russia there are no parties at all in the ordinary sense of the term. There is merely despotism on the one hand, and revolution on the other. In Germany PRINCE BISMARCK has quarrelled with his old Liberal friends, and has sought to secure a new basis of support in an alliance between Conservatism and Socialism. But the Parliament which has just come to the end of its term cut down or rejected his Socialist schemes; and, while he has openly quarrelled with the Liberals, he has not thought it worth while to purchase the favour of their adversaries by any substantial concessions. In Austria there is a Ministry of conciliation which does not conciliate, but exists, which can do little in any direction, and is now engaged in suppressing Czech riots in the capital of the Czechs. The Hungarian elections have confirmed and increased the Liberal majority, and the existence of a Liberal majority in Hungary means that Hungary will work with Austria so long as Austria leaves Hungary an abundance of local freedom, and pursues a

general policy to which Hungary cannot reasonably object. In Italy no Ministry except a Ministry of the Left can be formed, although SIGNOR SELLA, when asked to take office, placed before those whom he invited to join him a programme in which very advanced Liberals honestly owned that they saw nothing to which they could object. As France is just about to celebrate again the national fête of the taking of the Bastille, it is useless to speak of the position of the Liberal party there. The taking of the Bastille has become a symbol on the Continent of popular, as distinguished from monarchical, Liberalism. Of the minor States, Spain has lately come under a Liberal Ministry, because the KING thought the time had come when a Liberal Ministry ought to be tried, and the people were at first indifferent to and then pleased with the experiment. Liberal Ministries just hold their own, although they barely hold it, in Belgium and Holland; while in Denmark there is a languid but eternal quarrel, the Crown refusing to take Liberal advisers, and the electors sending representatives who will not vote supplies. Whether in more backward States, like Roumania or Portugal, there happens or does not happen to be in office a Liberal Ministry, is a matter of the smallest possible importance, as one Ministry is exactly like another, and every Ministry is the offspring of some local intrigue. Still even in such countries there are scarcely any exceptions to the general rule, and it may be said broadly that outside Russia, which is not really a part of Europe, the Liberal party governs throughout Europe, with the exception of PRINCE BISMARCK's recent coquetting with Conservative Socialism.

If it is asked what in this triumph of the Liberal party is triumphing, what are the principles on which the party is agreed, and what are the aims towards which it is striving, it is astonishing how many of the old aspirations of the Liberals, as we used to know them, have sunk into desuetude. To begin with, there is now not the slightest anti-monarchical feeling. There is hardly a king among the monarchs of Europe who is not exceedingly popular with his subjects; and, to the credit of royalty, it may be added that there is scarcely a monarch who does not deserve his popularity. In France there is a Republic, but it is not a Republic of the kind that tries to convert its neighbours; and the Republic of France is quite as much a protest against the last French monarchy, with its very peculiar habits and surroundings, as an expression of deep and abiding prepossession. Then the old Liberal feeling in favour of peace has faded away. No European country wants war, for all have learnt or seen what war means. They are afraid of war, but they are still more afraid of being without the means of making war. Gigantic armies and a modest proportion of iron-clads are demanded with as much fervour by Liberals as by any one else. The first thought of every French Republican who comes to the top is to shout, and if possible to prove, that the Republic is the true friend of the army, and the "heroism of our young soldiers" is eagerly seized on as a splendid testimony to the great truth that the sons of French peasants can march and fight, although there is no Emperor to review them, and no Empress to smile on them. Under the influence of this supreme desire for military strength, the old Liberal faith in political economy has dwindled away until it hardly exists as the ghost of a tradition. In France, in Italy, and in Spain there is now no connexion whatever between Liberalism and Free-trade, and a man may be the staunchest of Liberals and see no inconsistency if at the same time he has as his sole thought on finance how he is to get an increased duty put on some foreign article that rivals the production of himself or his friends. It is true that the Liberal party in Europe has one strong feeling which unites it, and that is a horror of aggressive Socialism. But, in the first place, this is a new feeling, and, in the next place, it is shared by their opponents. There remain as distinctive principles and abiding motives of the party some kind, and often a very theoretical kind, of tenderness for personal liberty, some prepossession in favour of the liberty to express opinion, and a resolution to oppose the pretensions of the Roman Church.

History and the habits of the people give a very different colour to the Liberalism of Liberal countries. Some may be described as approaching more nearly to the English and others to the French type; and for the moment it may be said that the mark of distinction is generally to be found in the quality of the suffrage. In



every country Liberals have to face the perplexing question how they can defend a restricted suffrage and how they can afford an unrestricted suffrage. In France there is universal suffrage, and the peasants at present support the Republic; but they make it a condition of their support that the Republic shall give them material prosperity, and that it shall secure this prosperity by adopting the machinery of Protection, which they think is the only sure guarantee of national well-being. In Germany Prince BISMARCK, in order to avoid troublesome questions of electoral reform, bestowed universal suffrage on the infant Empire; but he calculated, and he now proposes to show that he calculated rightly, that, with the influence of a military State at his command, he could use universal suffrage to repress the Liberal party. In other countries Liberals are aware that, if every man were allowed to vote, they and their party might be swept away altogether. Yet it is so difficult to defend any restriction except on the ground that it exists, and that those who do not like it must make the best of it, that there will always be Liberals who urge that every one ought to be allowed to vote. A Liberal of this kind lately proposed to the Brussels Chamber that every Belgian who could satisfy very easy tests of residence and education should have the right to vote, on which the MINISTER OF FINANCE plainly told him that, if his proposal were carried, there would be an end not only to the Ministry, but to the Liberal party in Belgium. A measure of electoral reform has been talked of for years in Italy, and this Session a Bill for a very extensive reform has passed the Chamber, and is before the Senate. Italians of all parties allow that the present franchise is too restricted; but they all find it very difficult to draw a line which shall be intelligible and permanent. The Chamber rejected, by a majority of 10 to 1, a proposal for establishing universal suffrage pure and simple, and it decided, without much difficulty, that it would adopt an educational test. But what this test should be was a matter on which opinions differed greatly. The Government proposed that the voter should have attended a primary obligatory school; the Committee appointed to report on the Bill thought this too lax, and required that voters should have reached the Fourth Standard; and, finally, when it was pointed out that there were grown men who could not have been at schools, as in their days there were no schools for them to go to, the Chamber decided that, as a temporary measure, until the school test could be applied, every one should vote who could write and read. The real difficulty was how to admit as many as possible, and how to keep out the ignorant mass who might be under the influence of the Church. Liberal Italy, like Liberal Belgium, has to think how an extended suffrage may affect its existence. In other countries an extended suffrage may not sweep away the Liberal party, it may even increase its nominal strength; but it may transform the party it strengthens, and bury the old watchwords in an even deeper oblivion than overshadows them at present.

#### FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

AT this time of year many people have to make speeches at the annual dinners of Friendly Societies. When the proper amount of heavy joints have been eaten and the proper number of quarts of beer have been drunk, the chairman of the day rises to make such remarks as occur to him upon the state of the Society's finances. The Registrar of Friendly Societies has lately published a memorandum which will be extremely useful to speakers in want of a suggestive text. Under the Act of 1875 all registered Friendly Societies are required to make a return of their assets and liabilities every five years. The first of these returns ought to have been ready by the 31st of December, 1880, and in the case of a great many Societies the law has been obeyed. Obedience, however, is still very far from being universal, and the object of the Registrar's pamphlet is to make it universal without having recourse to the legal powers with which the Act of 1875 has armed him. With this view he sets out the reasons why such a valuation is required, and impresses upon the Executive of the several Societies the importance of having it made by a competent person. Under both these heads much useful information is given, and the gentry who attend the dinners in question may do their humble neighbours a real service by repeating to them what the

Registrar has said. It must be admitted that to suggest this is to ask them to be a little dull; but the flavour of a chairman's humour is seldom fine enough to make the sacrifice a serious one. The effect of such hints as can be conveyed in an after-dinner speech is no doubt extremely indirect. It is not the members who are present who really decide whether returns shall be made or who shall be appointed to make them. They usually do but elect a secretary or a delegate, who has merely a single vote in the election of the central executive by which the affairs of the Society are managed. But if the same warnings are given in many branches of many Societies, something may be done towards creating an effective public opinion in favour of accurate valuation. If many secretaries go up to the general meeting instructed by their constituents to impress upon the executive the necessity of honestly complying with the law, there will be at least a chance that readiness to comply with it will become a test question at the annual election of officers. It is not, we fancy, the rank and file of these Societies that are most to blame in the matter. Every village has its tale of an insolvent "club," which, after lasting through the years when the chief thing to be done was to receive contributions, has come to nothing when the time arrived for distributing benefits. It is a serious thing to a labouring man to find that, after paying his money steadily while he was young and healthy, there is nothing to be had in return when he is old and sickly. Newer and more promising Societies will not receive him as a member, or will only do so on terms which put him on a level with the careless neighbour who has never thought of joining a Friendly Society until the need for the benefits secured by it is becoming apparent. A disaster of this kind is very well calculated to make the members of Friendly Societies uneasy lest a similar fate should be in store for them. But the officers of such Societies not unfrequently approach the facts in a different temper. They also may suspect that things are not going right, and that a full and impartial examination of the Society's position would supply some justification for the members' fears. But they are busy in the conduct of the Society's affairs; they have the hopes which are seldom wanting to men thus employed; and they are afraid that to tell the truth may be to make a disaster inevitable which, without such a disclosure, may still be staved off. Parliament has so far interfered to guard the members of Friendly Societies against their executive that it has made the presentation of valuation returns a condition of registration. If a Society wishes to keep its affairs in a condition of convenient obscurity, it is free to do so. But in that case it will not be registered. It may prey upon the public as it chooses, provided that it does not bring itself within the grasp of criminal law; but it must not prey upon them in the character of a Society which enjoys Government recognition. Most people who live in the country have some opportunities of impressing upon their poor neighbours the superiority of a registered over a non-registered Society, and of a registered Society which carries out the spirit of the Act of Parliament over one which is content with rendering obedience to the letter, or has to be taken before a magistrate before it will do even so much as that. They can hardly do these neighbours a more useful service than by using any influence they may possess to bring these facts home to them.

The Registrar's Memorandum puts the necessity of periodical valuation in a way which can hardly fail to commend itself to the members of Friendly Societies. Every such Society promises to give specific benefits in exchange for specific contributions. The certainty of reaping the benefits depends upon the adequacy of the contributions. It is from the contributions that the benefits must be paid; and, if the contributions are inadequate to provide the benefits, the Society will not be able to keep its promises, and must become wholly or partially bankrupt. A Society may have money in hand and yet be insolvent; it may have more money in hand at the end of one year than it had the year before, and yet it may not be prosperous. Solvency depends not on an accidental and momentary preponderance of receipts over liabilities, but "upon whether its existing funds, "together with the future contributions for benefits "which the members are bound to pay, are enough to "balance the benefits which those members have the "right to receive under the rules, together with any "other expenses and liabilities." Everything, therefore,

depends upon the proper proportion between benefits and contributions being strictly maintained. "If the money a man is paying is not enough to secure him the benefits which he relies on, what is the use of paying it?" This is a question which many a member of a Friendly Society has asked in the past tense; but the Registrar's object is to make them ask it in the present and future tenses. The longer they go on making payments which are not enough to secure them the benefits promised in return, the worse it will be for them in the end. Of course they may fall ill and die before the state of the Society's exchequer has been discovered, and in that case it may be better for them not to have left it. But, except where a man has good reason to think that, short as the Society's lease of life may be, his own will be still shorter, the sooner he gets out of a Society with which insolvency is only a question of time the better. Every year that he remains a member makes it more difficult for him to join a Society constituted on a sounder footing, and adds to the probability that, when he really wants the help he has all his life been paying for, it will not be forthcoming.

We do not propose that the chairman at a Friendly Society's dinner shall urge the members to lose no time in leaving it. If he has satisfied himself that it is in danger of bankruptcy, he will do better to stay away altogether. But, though when he has been asked to bless he cannot with decency curse, he may still counsel the members to satisfy themselves that the Society is in a position to keep its promises. They have no business to be satisfied on this point unless there has been a proper valuation of the funds coming or to come into the Society's treasury and of the liabilities which these funds will have to meet. Unfortunately the Act of 1875 does not, as we have often pointed out, insist on this comparison's being made by a person competent to make it. The Chairman's next business, therefore, will be to show how much depends upon the technical knowledge of the valuer, and how essential it is that the valuer chosen should possess this technical knowledge. The Registrar's Memorandum will tell him what is proper evidence of competence, and if he can induce his hearers to ask the executive of the Society not to be content with any less perfect proof, he may have started a movement which will bear useful fruit by and by.

#### THE AMERICAN CRIME.

WHEN the virtuous Herr Most, in the article which won him the sympathy of intelligent Radicals, was calling for all "threatened heads," he specially mentioned the heads in Constantinople and Washington. A Sultan cannot be murdered every day, even to oblige Herr Most, but his advice has been rapidly followed in Washington. The theory that every person in authority is a *caput lupinum*, an outlaw *ex officio*, has been acted on by Mr. Charles Guiteau, who describes himself as a Chicago lawyer and a "Stalwart of the Stalwarts." There seems reason now to hope that his cruel and abominable action will not help the Stalwarts or remove a statesman who has borne his sufferings with extraordinary constancy and courage. President Garfield has won the sympathy of the whole world. His political opponents have lost ground in proportion, and though it is probable that only fanatical party hatred and furious indignation could charge them with any knowledge of Guiteau's crime, they are almost as much discredited by it as if they had really instigated the offence.

The attempt to assassinate President Garfield was an offence peculiarly American in character and in detail. Mr. Browning has written a poem on "Nationality in Drinks," and there appears to be such a thing as nationality in crime. A Russian murderer is usually the half-witted agent of a secret society. He is provided with all scientific apparatus for accomplishing his misdeed; and he is careless as to the number of lives of unoffending people he may destroy in addition to the crowned head at which he especially aims. He usually has confederates among ladies of birth and education, and attempts are made to secure his retreat. His position is that of a political agitator, using what he conceives to be the only possible means of political agitation. An Irish villain is a more clumsy, more cowardly, and more *harum-scarum* malefactor. He aims to do mischief at large, as part of the process which the Jacobites called "boxing it about." He is unscientific in his choice of implements; he runs away as soon as he is detected; and he ingenuously avows his regret that he ever took part in the undertaking.

The American assassin seems not to act as the agent of any society, and he has no thought of regenerating the human race, like the Russian, or of annoying a hostile and masterful people, like the Irishman. He merely works out the simple American

principle, "the spoils to the victor." He regards politics as a system for the distribution of jobs and patronage; and, when his own friends, the "Stalwarts," have not patronage at their disposal, he tries to secure it for them with the aid of a "California bull-doser." The "Bull-doser" is a much more certain weapon than the Russian bomb, or the Irish gas-pipe or wooden box charged with gunpowder, brown paper, and an old carpet-bag. A "bull-dose" means a large efficient dose of any sort of medicine or punishment. To "bull-dose" a negro in the Southern States means to flog him to death, or nearly to death. Thus a California bull-doser is a pistol which carries a bullet heavy enough to destroy human life with certainty. It was with this weapon that Guiteau proposed to rectify the balance of patronage.

The sanity of Guiteau is a question which will interest experts, but which the people of the United States are not likely to consider too curiously. That Guiteau was constantly pestering General Grant and other persons for every post from the Austrian mission to a consulship at Marseilles does not prove him to be insane. If it did, an American President must every day enjoy large opportunities for studying the phenomena of lunacy. To a very great number of American citizens politics are as much a profession as the directorship of railways, companies, and Indian gold mines is in England. The July number of the *North American Review* contains an article on "The Power of Public Plunder," by Mr. Parton, which will explain to English readers the nature of "the boss business." Mr. Parton's text is the short speech made by Mr. O'Flanagan at a convention in Chicago last year, "What are we here for if not for the offices?" Mr. Parton says, "We are face to face with a state of politics of which money is the motive, the means, and the end." Politics, in fact, are "a big gamble," and Mr. Guiteau is one of the gamblers who have found themselves backing the losing colour. Mr. Parton likens people of the Guiteau class to flies on a wharf, rats in a cheese ship, and the hideous things that crawl in the ooze of a slaughter-house. One of those persons declined a place of which the salary was but fifty dollars a week, because that sum would not pay for his rum and cigars. In the recent presidential election people are said to have made money by the million. Guiteau was a speculator who had mistaken his market. His friends, the Stalwarts, found that their man was put off with the position of Vice-President, and that the President himself was not only not their friend, but the enemy of all corruption and jobbery. Guiteau himself need no more be a maniac than the equally celebrated Lefroy, who did a good deal of work on the Liberal side during the general election. If Lefroy had cherished the belief that the result of the elections would have been to enable him to pick and choose among offices and salaries, his disappointment might have led to results like those which America deplora. But a political "worker" in England knows that his gains are limited to a few casual sovereigns and a little beer. In America a vain and selfish man may hope for something immeasurably better, and his disappointment when he fails is proportionate. The despair and envy of the ruined gambler take possession of him, and despair and envy are likely to prompt to villany.

The letters and papers which Guiteau had prepared may be genuine documents, or he may have intended to prepare evidence of his own lunacy and moral irresponsibility. However that may be, they are conceived in the true spirit of the modern political assassin. He contemplates his crime as a mere incident in the political evolution. He looks at it as impersonally as if it were an operation of nature, a landslip, or a flood, which we may regret, but which is outside moral praise or blame. He even attempts, in one paper, to pretend that his real care was, not for the pockets of the Stalwarts, but for the Republic at large. One might imagine that, when politics became a pure affair of commerce, political fanaticism would cease to exist. When it was understood that every politician was going merely for the dollars, no one could pretend to be inspired to crime by watchwords, like Liberty and the State. A speculator in Wall Street might as well pretend to shoot some more successful business man for being a tyrant and the natural foe of freedom. But minds like Guiteau's are capable of confusing the old commonplaces with the new theories. In practice he was a wild office-hunter, maddened by ambition and soured by failure. But in one of his papers he wrote, quite in the high style of the political evolutionist, "The President's tragic death was a bad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party, and save the Republic." And he goes on, in the manner of a celebrated consolation, "Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. . . . A human life is of small value." These are precisely the theories of what may be styled the Higher Assassins. The Nihilists have, probably, no personal ill-will against the people they blow to pieces. The Irish have no personal ill-will against the babies into whose nurseries they fire, or the children and old women beneath whom they explode tin cans full of gunpowder. They philosophically regard these lives as mere cyphers, to be cancelled in working out a political problem. Mr. Guiteau, though a hungry office-seeker and Chicago lawyer, had reached the same cold pinnacles of thought. To him the success of people likely to place him in office, and to keep up the merry game of jobbery, was like some great beneficent end of nature. Private individuals must suffer, as Nature works out her will; and the murder of a President was a mere neutral incident in the advance of the Stalwart party to control over "the offices." From a chance expression of the President's, as he lay half delirious, it seems that he thought Guiteau was influenced by a mere insane vanity. "I



suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief." Guiteau's character, by his own father's admission, is one naturally framed for "almost any stupidity, folly, or rascality." But even his father seems to doubt whether he can be called insane. "If called as a witness, I believe I should testify that he is absolutely insane, and hardly responsible for his actions." This is a very hesitating expression of opinion. Probably it is true that Guiteau has the levity, vanity, and selfishness of the born criminal. But it is equally probable that he would have avoided this particularly abominable offence if he had not lived in the air of political money-making and at a time when political assassinations are recommended by some and palliated by other public writers.

Possibly there may be one favourable result of this miserable affair. The Americans have been treating very lightly the threats and murderous conspiracies of some Irish boasters and blackguards who live among them. They have chosen to regard the raising of money for assuredly murderous purposes as a harmless eccentricity. They have tolerated speeches in which promiscuous murder on a large scale and indiscriminate slaughter by aid of infernal machines were advocated as patriotic duties. It has been their line to take all this as the mere effervescence of free speech, a harmless froth upon the surface of Republican life. They have now learned to their cost that murder is no child's play, and that a man is not necessarily harmless because he cherishes and upholds theories of assassination. They now know that a temper is prevalent which makes the life of every public man unsafe. A foolish creature has been saying that it is his mission to shoot Mr. Blaine. Missions of this sort are growing quite popular. As long as the missions were to be executed on this side of the Atlantic, as long as English houses and ships were to be blown up and English statesmen threatened, the matter seemed unimportant. America could not undertake our police work. But she has learned that to permit or encourage examples of this sort may not be without danger to herself. Morality is sometimes said to be a mere affair of geography. Disappointed office-seekers will fail to see why they may not do in Washington the things that Irish ruffians are permitted to prepare to do in England.

#### MR. BRADLAUGH'S LAST CHARGE.

IT may annoy everybody, but can surprise no one, that Mr. Bradlaugh should have taken the opportunity to renew his assaults upon the House of Commons in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's inclusion of the Oaths Bill in the company of more respectable innocents who are this year doomed to massacre at an earlier date than usual. For this inclusion the Government had, no doubt, the most excellent reasons; and it may very well be that, as often happens to persons who have not been formally admitted to the counsels of their Sovereign, the reasons which weighed heaviest with them were not those which they avowed, either to others or to themselves. It was perfectly true, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, that the Oaths Bill answered eminently to the description of a measure which was not likely to pass without considerable opposition. But it is also true that the measure is one for which the Government, or at least their chief, had but little stomach. Mr. Gladstone was dragged and almost hustled into suggesting this Bill; he resorted to the most extraordinary expedients to render it unnecessary; and he must have raised the sacrificial knife with feelings as unlike those of Abraham or Agamemnon as can well be imagined. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, naturally does not take the same view of the matter. Newspapers which may be presumed to have some foundation for their assertions affirm, with what truth we cannot say, that the maintenance of his disabilities would have a very awkward effect, not merely on his general welfare, but on his political prospects. He has hitherto had no success whatever in the courts of law, and a final failure would leave him burdened with heavy penalties and costs. The result of a possible bankruptcy would make him, until he obtained his discharge, ineligible as a candidate at Northampton; and it is needless to say that Mr. Bradlaugh elected, but not able to take his seat, and Mr. Bradlaugh simply disqualified, and with another sitting and voting in his room, are two very different persons. At present the great argument of those who are compelled to forego the attempt to represent Mr. Bradlaugh as a martyr of religious intolerance is to bewail the injustice done to Northampton by allowing her to be represented only by Mr. Labouchere. In the case proposed Northampton would be fully represented, and the battle-horse of the Bradlaugh party would be withdrawn from between their legs.

If Mr. Bradlaugh is a vindictive person (and not a few of his utterances might warrant the supposition that his dislike to the dogmas of Christianity extends in this respect, at any rate, to its morality), he ought to hate the Government much more than the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, backed his friend on this occasion in a manner not calculated to excite lively gratitude even in the most susceptible bosom. It was distinctly owing to the influence of the Government that the House of Commons was betrayed into the undignified and illogical position of inviting Mr. Bradlaugh, at heavy risk to himself, to obtain for it from the courts of justice a direction as to its own rules of admission. This trap was not set or baited by Sir Stafford Northcote or by Lord Randolph Churchill, but by Mr. Bradlaugh's own party. Nor in any subsequent proceedings have the Government

espoused the cause of their supporter as might have been expected. They have behaved towards him rather as weak-minded members of a family sometimes behave towards a poor and disreputable relation than as the head of the house might be expected to behave to an acknowledged house-mate. They have left back doors open for him at night; they have allowed scraps from the larder to be arranged where he could lay hands on them; they have deposited cast-off clothing in a secluded barn, and otherwise shown that charity which is decidedly ashamed of itself and its object. And now they announce their intention of making no effort to continue even these small and questionable mercies. Mr. Bradlaugh may go to Northampton or anywhere else for them; other people object to him, and he is to be left to himself and his objectors accordingly. It is now said that they will not engage to resuscitate the Oaths Bill next session. The recently published correspondence between the Prime Minister and his faithful supporter is a most curious collection of documents. Mr. Bradlaugh is nothing if not a writer of letters, and his letter-book must, as a curiosity, exceed even that of Mr. Toots. He writes to the Speaker, he writes to Sir Stafford Northcote, he writes to members of Parliament who make what he considers to be injurious statements in reference to himself and his associates. In Mr. Gladstone he might justly think that he recognized a kindred spirit, for Mr. Gladstone also writes to everybody. But, just as it has been noticed that two celebrated diners-out, when in each other's company, flag and faint; just as the two fencing masters the other day in Paris performed but inefficiently in mortal combat; so these two great epistolers and speakers show but few of their gifts in this correspondence. Mr. Gladstone, though not so laconic as he sometimes is on post-cards, is very much shyer of engaging. He informs his correspondent, even at the very outset, that he would very much rather have nothing to do with him. Mr. Bradlaugh, he says, is aware "to how considerable an extent Liberal and public interests have been brought into prejudice by untrue suppositions as to communications between you and the Government." He would therefore much rather not grant the interview which Mr. Bradlaugh humbly desires. Who the wicked people may have been who untruly supposed that Mr. Gladstone or the Government had communications with a faithful supporter, whose interests they were evidently striving in an earnest, if peculiar, fashion to advance, we shall not pause to inquire. It is clear that Mr. Gladstone thinks them very bad men. They have brought Liberal and public interests into prejudice; a delightful marriage of terms, only perhaps to be paralleled in that celebrated ascription by Suwarrow of the capture of Ismail to God and Catharine II. which shocked Lord Byron. In short, Mr. Bradlaugh, if not a nuisance himself, has been the cause of a nuisance, and Mr. Gladstone would much rather have nothing to do with him. The attitude—Mr. Gladstone is fond of the word attitude—is not heroic, perhaps, but it is intensely natural. "Only think, my dear fellow, if I were to be seen in your company!" is the meaning of the remark, disengaged from private-secretary verbiage, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bradlaugh liked it. It does not appear that the unfortunate person who has unintentionally been the cause of prejudice to Liberal and public interests resented the implied slight. Perhaps he knew that if he were to seem to lose respect for Mr. Gladstone even the Nonconformists of Northampton would fail him. He contented himself with trumping a favourite card of Mr. Gladstone's by pointing out that there were four courses open, and by announcing—we think he has said it before—that so long as he had life he would not permit physical force to prevent him, &c. Mr. Gladstone does not seem to have entered into argument on Mr. Bradlaugh's four-course system, probably taking the introduction of the fourth as personal; but he remarks that he has "much to consider," which, coming from a Prime Minister, is a proposition which we cannot imagine any person seriously disputing. Mr. Bradlaugh is referred to the Speech from the Throne—can it be possible that this is an adroit repudiation, on the part of the cunning Premier, of Republican sympathies?—and no subsequent attempts of his to "draw" Mr. Gladstone avail. He is informed that the Government cannot attempt the Oaths Bill, and a second reference to the Speech from the Throne is made, which would probably have drawn from any but a faithful Radical a spirited "counter" on the subject of the Transvaal. Then Mr. Bradlaugh ends, not in anger, but in sorrow. He "concludes from Mr. Gladstone's silence"—reference to speeches from thrones is, one would think, even worse than silence to Mr. Bradlaugh—that the Government "are unable or unwilling to enforce the law in the matter."

Yet, as we have said, it does not appear that Mr. Bradlaugh is at all angry with the Government. It is still the wicked Tories, the base holders of perpetual pensions, whom he blames, and one of the most eminent of those persons with whom he acts has informed the public that, in order not to embarrass the Government, he will not even make that raid on the House of Commons which was threatened until the Land Bill is safe. Meanwhile the House is prepared for him. It is even said that the Inspector on duty is to have notice of the coming struggle, so that everything may pass in the most chivalrous manner. Mr. Bradlaugh, apparently, aspires after imprisonment, an aspiration which it may be trusted will not have to be gratified. Yet, if it be so, he must surely ask himself as he sits in his dungeon who has brought him there, and it will surely be odd if he does not come to the conclusion that it is Mr. Gladstone and the Government. But

for their ill-advised and half-hearted assistance he might have been an interesting martyr; his name might have ranked with the great names of O'Connell and Salomons; he might have sat for the duration of the present Parliament silent, voteless, but protesting; he might have retained the respectful admiration of all the Liberal organs, and yet not forfeited the esteem of Northampton and the Hall of Science. This is now impossible. His political friends in discussing his case remark rudely that he has excluded himself from personal sympathy. The leaders of his party inform him in effect that they are very glad to have him to vote for them, and that such a relation is all very pleasant and friendly, but that as for hurting themselves and prejudicing Liberal interests for his sake, they do not see it at all. The fervent admiration of Mr. Labouchere, the devoted fidelity of Northampton, is still his, but though the first is of course unalterable, the latter may perhaps be considered liable to change. It is conceivable that even Northampton may come to think that it is better to have two members than one, and that if the two are to be had it might be well that they should be persons whom the Prime Minister of the day does not politely decline to see because the suspicion of communications with them brings prejudice to public and Liberal interests. The project of literally taking the House of Commons by storm is unlikely to succeed in face of the Speaker's orders and the attitude of the Prime Minister. And, when Mr. Bradlaugh had been for a few times committed to the Clock Tower or to Newgate, people would, in all probability, vote him a nuisance and a bore, which state when an Englishman reaches it may be said to be all up with him. Mr. Bradlaugh has come near to this perilous condition as it is, and his proposed course of action will assuredly complete the process. After all, perhaps Newgate would not be necessary. Who is it who tells the story of an obstinate beggar in an Eastern clime who, wearying out the patience of some great one by perpetually standing at his gate, was at last vanquished by being regularly built up into the wall—immured nunn-fashion? The beggar, if we remember rightly, stuck to it till the bricks reached his chest, and then capitulated. With Mr. Bradlaugh, a man of great strength of character, it might be necessary to go on to the chin. Unluckily, we are a humane and foolish people; and there might be objections to such an addition to the structural and decorative features of the Palace of Westminster being thoroughly carried out in case of obstinacy. Yet the plan would have several merits. It would effectually get rid of Mr. Bradlaugh, and it would materially add to the interest of Sir Charles Barry's edifice in the eyes of Americans, country cousins, and such-like pilgrims, avid of striking historical associations with the places they visit.

#### PROFESSOR ROGERS ON THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

SOME weeks ago Mr. Thorold Rogers had a little controversy in the *Times* with the Tutors of Christ Church as to the present efficiency of the education at what Christ Church men pride themselves on designating "the House." Into the merits of that dispute we need not enter here, but it was rather amusing to find the Radical Professor—we believe he would exult in the name—meeting the elaborate catalogue offered for his confutation by the Senior Censor of honours recently gained from Christ Church by the highly Conservative rejoinder, that they were mostly obtained, not in the good old classical schools, but in scientific and other modern subjects to which he himself attached no great educational value. It is gratifying to know that the distinguished Liberal who said more information could be derived from a single sheet of the *Times* than from "all the works of Thucydides" is not likely to find his literary heresies endorsed by Professor Rogers; neither probably would he be disposed to accept Lord Sherbrooke's arithmetical calculation of the relative importance of the battle of Marathon and an explosion in a Welsh coal-mine. But the same odd combination of rigid Conservatism with ultra-Radicalism, of fact and fancy, sound common-sense and theories as wild as the statements urged in support of them are often wholly unjustifiable, which generally characterizes the public utterances of the learned Professor, is certainly not wanting in his latest contribution to the enlightenment of his countrymen. This is indeed the less to be wondered at as his article on "Parliament and the Higher Education" in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* deals chiefly with the condition of Oxford, and we are only saying what Mr. Rogers would probably consider rather a compliment than otherwise to his reforming zeal, when we describe him as a kind of academical Ishmael, whose hand, if not exactly against every man, is against every College—as in the recent instance of Christ Church—and who seems to feel the hand of every College to be against him. To particular Colleges and particular Professorships—e.g. theological ones—he has a special antipathy, but Colleges and professors generally he loves, if wisely, not too well, nor would an intelligent reader of this latest article of his need much reading between the lines to find it out. The final suggestion, even if it stood alone, that a Minister of Education should be appointed, with supreme control over the Universities as well as the Civil Service Commission and the Endowed Schools, and still more the reasons given for regarding such a measure as the "one remedy" and only "reasonable hope" for raising Oxford and Cambridge above a level "far inferior to fourth-rate German Universities," would illustrate the writer's animus pretty plainly. But he begins with an historical

sketch of Oxford, from its origin till 1854, which is interesting and in the main accurate, and to this we may first direct the attention of our readers. It is introduced in the following passage, where, as will readily be observed, the sting is in the tail:—

Of the antiquity of Oxford, of which I particularly wish to speak, there is no doubt. It was certainly in existence in the twelfth century. The colleges in the universities, originally mere excrescences on a large and varying body of independent students, were governed by statutes passed by their several founders, though from time to time the founder's rule was modified or interpreted by the visitor. The State did not interfere with the endowments of these colleges or the tenure of them, except that the Universities were visited by the Crown in the successive reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, when those who did not conform to the Establishment were expelled. But the statutes remained unaltered, many of these regulations binding the fellows to the practices of the Unreformed Church. Oxford colleges were founded from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The ancient system of the University was represented by a few halls, which originally elected their own rulers, and still kept up the form of doing so. But Leicester, Chancellor of the University in Elizabeth's reign, contrived to get the nomination of these heads into his own hands, probably in order to strengthen the position of the Puritan party in the University. This usurpation soon hardened from a precedent into a right of patronage. It is fair to say, that the right was not on the whole abused till the days of the latest chancellors. Some of the most distinguished members of the University have been heads of halls. The right of being an independent member of the University, the most ancient form of membership, was extinguished by Laud, who procured a statute compelling every member of the University to become a member of some college or existing hall. James I. accorded to the two Universities the privilege of being represented in Parliament, a privilege which Elizabeth more wisely had refused.

The privileges of the Universities were originally accorded by royal charters and papal bulls, but they were incorporated by Act of Parliament in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. No attempt, however, was made to interfere with their internal government till the time of Archbishop Laud who, in his capacity of Chancellor, drew up certain statutes which were authorized by the King. It is no doubt literally true that "from the beginning Oxford was a secular institution"; the Bishop of Lincoln, in whose diocese it was situated, had no jurisdiction over it, and when Henry VIII. founded the See of Oxford, the new diocesan was similarly precluded from all interference. But it is rather absurd to talk of the Universities being "handed over to the Establishment at the Restoration," because the Act of Uniformity was extended to them. Does Mr. Rogers imagine that before the Reformation, any more than after it, any dissent from the authorized teaching of the Church would have been tolerated for a moment in the chairs or colleges of either University? As to the colleges, in nearly all of them the members on the foundation were ecclesiastics of some kind, while some were founded for directly religious objects, as e.g. All Souls for masses for those who fell at Agincourt, and Lincoln—as Mr. Rogers himself reminds us—for the suppression of Lollardism. And there is something quite grotesquely paradoxical in his statement that "up to the Act of Uniformity, in 1562, admission to orders was not, and had not been, even in pre-Reformation times, a condition precedent to holding deanery, canonry, dignity, or even rectory. The Act of Uniformity took capitular offices from the laity and gave them to the clergy." The object of this provision in the Act of Uniformity, as is notorious, was to exclude ministers who had not received episcopal ordination, and were therefore from the Church point of view laymen, from holding benefices, many such having been intruded into livings and dignities during the Commonwealth period. But if canonries and livings, and, we may add, bishoprics and rich abbacies, were occasionally held by laymen "in pre-Reformation times," that merely means that by a gross abuse, in defiance both of canon and civil law, mediæval Popes were apt to thrust Italian nominees of their own—often mere boys—through favouritism or bribery, into posts for which they were not legally qualified except by dispensation. These interlopers were generally, however, in orders of some kind, when not actually priests. And this was just one of the most glaring abuses which led to such constant bickerings between England and the Court of Rome, and helped to pave the way for the Reformation. Mr. Rogers is more correct in saying that College endowments at Oxford were almost always limited to particular districts, families, or schools, though there were some notable exceptions. The Oriel fellowship, and the scholarships at Balliol and Corpus, owed their recognized pre-eminences to their being "open" instead of "close" foundations. The abolition of nearly all the local or other restrictions, and of the test of comparative poverty as a condition for holding a college endowment, was no doubt the most sweeping innovation effected by the University Act of 1854, and we quite agree with Professor Rogers that, whatever may be said in favour of the change on other grounds, it has had, as it was foreseen that it must have, one very undesirable result, in barring the road to humble merit, and pouring endowments intended for the poor into the lap of the rich. This is equally true of course—not to say still truer—of scholarships thrown open or newly founded at our public schools, for the test of competitive examination applied to boys of twelve or thirteen reveals more expensive "coaching" than native talent, and almost inevitably results in giving to him that hath what was originally intended for him that hath not. It is too true also that "incredible injury was and is done to the mind of youth," both in its earlier and later stages, "by speculative cram," and that often enough "the schoolmaster," much oftener the private "coach," "has crammed the boy with an incurable dyspepsia of the intelligence," so that "he has won his scholarship at the expense of his education." But we cannot at all follow the writer in his sweeping indictment against the English public schools of half a century



ago, which, as he assures us, "with very rare exceptions, were in an utterly unsatisfactory condition, and gave next to no instruction whatever"; nor do we believe that then, any more than now, the best education was found in private schools. The curriculum in both alike may have been a narrow one, but what the public schools taught they generally taught well, better perhaps than they sometimes teach it now. The wholesale charge of favouritism and neglect against the whole class of College tutors, past and present, is no less characteristically unjust. Certainly "it is a common saying in Oxford"—in other words, it is a common joke—that the clever men are to be found in the third class, the dull and industrious in the second, the examiners' friends being put into the first. The common form of the saying is, or was, that the clever men got seconds and the examiners' friends got into the first; but, as Dr. Newman—who is said to have been a poor Greek scholar at the time—got a third, the other version also gained currency. But when Mr. Rogers gravely adds that "the statement is undoubtedly an exaggeration," but that there is no public conscience in Oxford to prevent its becoming a reality, and that in fact it often is verified, we can only marvel at his curious incapacity for distinguishing an epigram from an argument.

The permission to marry which has been accorded during the last few years to some fellows of Colleges and to many tutors who are not fellows is no doubt a questionable advantage to the cause of collegiate education. It acts, not only as college livings used sometimes to act in the days of clerical restriction, in keeping up supernumerated tutors, but has a further drawback of its own, which is noticed in the following passage:—

The college tutors have generally obtained permission to marry. It is almost superfluous to say that this concession quarters them permanently on the college, however unfit they may be found to be for the function of giving instruction. They also necessarily cease to fulfil the first duty of a tutor, that of looking after the undergraduates' conduct and progress. After two or three hours of routine work in the morning, the college married tutor is away at his villa. The discipline of the college is left to the very few resident fellows, and it is creditable to undergraduates in college that at the present time, with little supervision over them, riotous freaks are far rarer than they were a generation ago. But the undergraduate is a far more adult person at the present time than he used to be.

We may add that, in spite of the "adult" personality of modern undergraduates, "riotous freaks" have occurred in more than one Oxford college during the last few years which might be directly traced to the cause indicated above. But Mr. Rogers seems to object, not only to married tutors, but to College fellows and tutors altogether. When he roundly asserts that "there is not the slightest justification in endowing the vendor of a marketable commodity, such as a knowledge of the art of teaching Latin, Greek, or mathematics," he is—we will not say proving too much, for he may perhaps be prepared himself to accept the full consequences of his argument—but he is laying down a principle which goes far beyond any application he has here taken occasion to make of it. Nor is the general rule by any means so self-evident to everybody as he appears to think—even with the help of his personal illustrations—that "free teachers do very much better in the open market than College tutors do in the close, whether one considers their profits or their successes." And to say that it is a mere "waste" to endow "four teachers of Anglican theology at Oxford," when the demand for such teaching by candidates for ordination would anyhow create the supply, is to formulate an argument equally available—perhaps intended to be equally available—against ecclesiastical endowments altogether. It is of course just as wasteful an interference with the natural laws of supply and demand to endow preachers for Anglican pulpits as professors for chairs of Anglican theology. Meanwhile it is eminently characteristic of the Professor's Ishmaelite temperament that he clinches his argument by the flattering suggestion that no "Oxford professor of divinity," since those chairs were founded, has ever done anything for Anglican theology. Without going back very far or entering on any very recondite investigation, such names as Bishop Lloyd, Dr. Burton, Dr. Pusey, Dean Mansel, Professor Hussey, Dr. Shirley, Dr. Mozley, and Dr. Bright would at once occur to most Oxford men as affording a curious illustration of this discriminating verdict. There are several other *obiter dicta* of a not very complimentary kind scattered over the article which it would take too long to examine in detail here. It is not necessary to inquire more particularly whether "the mob of country clergymen (who enjoy the University franchise) are the most inane body to which a public duty could be entrusted"; or whether again, when a vacancy occurs in the Oxford professoriate, "there is a scramble, in which the least competent candidate ordinarily manages to fill the vacancy," while, if now and then "a really competent person is, by a happy accident, promoted to a professorship," he is pretty sure to have an incompetent successor; nor shall we stay to analyse the pleasing assertion that "the Law professors have generally been, and perhaps will continue to be, unsuccessful barristers with academical friends." But it is a graver matter when the writer not obscurely intimates that "academical morality" is wholly defunct at Oxford, and bases this startling indictment on a fact which would be irrelevant, if correctly stated, and about which he happens to be quite mistaken. It is simply not the case that "the feeling"—which means of course the general feeling—"in Cambridge, where academical morality is by no means extinct, is hostile to the existence of heads of colleges altogether." There is, no doubt, a Nihilistic section, so to call them, among the younger Liberals at Cambridge, as there also is at Oxford, who

would like to see the Heads of Houses improved off the face of the earth, though they have not yet propounded any theory as to who or what is to be substituted for the deposed authorities. But this is not the prevalent opinion at either university, and the Professor's novel discovery that "these people generally have nothing to do" and are simply "*fruges consumere nati*" will probably cause as much surprise at Cambridge as at Oxford. Neither is it indeed altogether clear that hostility to heads is a sure criterion of "academical morality." We will not undertake to identify the well-known head of an Oxford College who suggested "that his own large stipend should be further increased and that he should be allowed to be non-resident," but the context appears to point to a man distinguished alike in the academical and literary world, whose opinions may be in some respects peculiar, but who certainly cannot be accused of indolence or incompetence.

We have referred already to Professor Rogers's demand for a Minister of Education to dominate the two Universities. It is true enough that "there is little to be expected from the direct action of Parliament" in the matter of University reform, though we can hardly think it "unlucky" that so miscellaneous a body should scruple to legislate on details with which it is and must remain wholly unfamiliar. But the explanation here given of its unfitness is remarkable, especially as coming from such a quarter. "Class representation in Parliament," we are told, "is of no value—it is a positive mischief. Oxford and Cambridge have rarely sent their representatives to Parliament who have advocated anything but the meanest interests of the meanest rank of clergymen." There is therefore no hope from the direct intervention of Parliament, and still less of course from the independent action of the Universities themselves. What good thing can come out of a Nazareth where there is "not enough of public conscience to reprobate," or "prevent," the systematic perpetration of "the gravest scandals," whose constituency is "the most inane mob" ever accredited with a public trust, who, when by some rare accident "they have been represented by great capacity, have never rested till they have got rid of incongruous intelligence?" We have now probably said enough to indicate the general tone and temper of Professor Thorold Rogers's last contribution to the question of University reform; but the following extract, with which our notice of it must conclude, contains so amusingly characteristic an estimate of the *personnel* of the present Oxford Commission that it would be a pity to omit it; the final hit at "a country clergyman"—presumably an obscure unit in the "inane mob"—will be duly appreciated by those to whom the name of Mr. Osborne Gordon is familiar:—

The composition of the Oxford Commission was ludicrous in the extreme. At the head of it was put an ancient nobleman, who took his degree at New College, when the members of that society were exempt from all academical examinations, some sixty years ago, and had never had any relations with the University since. There was only one member of the Commission who had any intimate acquaintance with the University, and this member, though a person of singular abilities, was equally singular for his indecision. There were three lawyers on the Commission—Lord Selborne, Mr. Bernard, and Justice Grove—men of undoubted ability, but not informed as to the present state and present needs of the University; a country gentleman and member of Parliament, who had been a fellow of All Souls, and is understood to be the most practical and sensible person in the whole body; and a head of an Oxford college, of whom nothing need be said besides. Justice Grove resigned, and was succeeded by a country clergyman, who twenty years ago had been censor of Christ Church; and finally Lord Selborne resigned, to be succeeded by the Master of University, who would have been better appointed at the first constitution of the Commission.

#### UPSTAIRS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WE are so accustomed to the fact that little or nothing remains of most English abbeys except the church that we say "abbey" when we mean "church" in a great many cases. As a good deal remains of the conventual buildings of Westminster Abbey, there is nothing extraordinary in going upstairs or downstairs or in the Abbot's chamber. But such ups and downs within the church itself strike the visitor as somewhat strange. He does not know, or has no means of knowing, that there are in some places at least two storeys above the ground floor, that above some of the chapels are hanging chantries, miniature churches in themselves, and long drawn aisles full of strange monuments. None of these nooks are shown to the public. It would be impossible to show them to more than a very few visitors at a time. The stairs are not only narrow and dark, but fragile in some cases, and when you reach at length the upper floor you often find it a very irregular surface on the top of the groining, without any railing to prevent you from falling into the nave or choir below. Nor is it altogether worth the trouble involved in ascending, for people do not always care to get behind the scenes and be made acquainted with the seamy side of what they only know as the perfection of beauty and order. The most lovely buildings in the world have their uncomely parts, and Westminster Abbey is no exception to the rule. The strange thing about visiting the triforium is the difficulty of recognizing the antiquity, the historical association, the absolute value of every heap of dusty rubbish which has accumulated there in the course of centuries. Here, a bundle of pieces of broken boarding are the canopy of some great king's tomb removed to make way for the burial of a greater. There, a heap of broken stones are fragments of the monuments and chantries destroyed as idolatrous

in fanatical times. A confused collection in a corner of carved and gilded scraps of plaster or wood represents the pomp of heraldic ornament at the funeral of a duke or a general. Nothing is lost that has once found its way into the church; and the storehouse has ample room for everything worth preserving, as well as for much that has ceased to interest the people of this generation.

The ascent is made by various flights of stairs. One of these opens on the east aisle of the cloister, close to the entrance of the Chapter-house. When the ancient church of the Confessor was superseded by the more magnificent building of Henry III., the cloisters, though they abutted on the new groundplan of the western aisle of the south transept, were not removed, and the Poet's Corner is thus defrauded of its full proportions. The cloister is much lower than the aisle would have been in its place; and over it is the muniment room, with its iron-bound coffers. The triforium is another flight above, and the winding stair is steep, slippery, and dark. When at length we stand on the red-brick pavement and look around, we are surprised to observe the great size of the chamber which intervenes between the top of the vaulting below and the timbers of the roof above. Nothing gives a better idea of the vastness of a building than to see the greatness of its minor parts. The pavement, which only dates from the time of Wren, becomes more irregular as we turn into the triforium of the nave. It conceals the "pockets" of the vaulting, receptacles probably filled with fragments of the statues and altars displaced at the Reformation. At the further end, in the south tower over the Abbot's Chapel or baptistery, the floor was of wood. On its being removed, the remains of Torregiano's images in terra-cotta, for the decoration of the altar in Henry VII.'s Chapel, were found. They indicate rather than prove the magnificence of the whole structure; but are broken into such minute pieces that the united efforts of several antiquaries have so far failed to make up a single complete figure. Among them is the "torso" of a splendidly modelled statue of the dead Saviour, and beautiful are the feet of the angels of the canopy. This altar, which was engraved by Sandford as the monument of Edward VI., was destroyed in 1643 by one Sir Robert Harlow, who deserves to go down to posterity with Erostratus and Lloyd. Some portions, identified at Oxford among the Arundel marbles by Mr. Middleton, have been recently restored to their place, but it is to be feared that the terra-cotta fragments in the triforium are beyond repair. The chamber over the vaulting of the Abbot's Chapel, in which they were found, was that occupied, it is said, by Bradshaw, President of the High Court of Justice which condemned Charles I. The Deanery, with which by a separate staircase this part of the triforium communicates, was granted to Bradshaw, who died in it in 1659. Constant tradition avers that he actually died in this very room, a room which certainly was at some period used as a lodging, for it contains a fireplace of Late Perpendicular work. Hence, along the triforium his restless spirit walks on the nights of the 30th January and the 22nd November; and in truth a more ghastly-looking corner than this it would be difficult to imagine. Little cherubs peep out here and there from behind the marble panes removed from the monument below of Admiral Tyrell. Close by are two wooden obelisks removed in 1775 from the entrance to the choir, where, according to Dart's view, they stood on the summit of a pair of tall classical gateposts. A label on one of them attributes the carving to Gibbons, but this ascription is more than doubtful.

In those parts of the triforium which are over the apsidal chapels some curious collections have been formed. A buttress of Henry VII.'s Chapel long concealed a window here, and in it have been found some panels of the original glazing of the thirteenth century, being among the most ancient and complete examples of the kind left. They are very different from most of the modern glass. The delicacy of the design, the moderation in the use of colour, and the evident desire to admit as much light as possible, are all qualities which our glass painters, with a few exceptions, do not care to seek after. In another recess is a ghastly cast in white plaster of the leaden coffin of Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I. In a third are the remains of the old pulpit which used to stand in the nave, with its sounding-board and some exquisite carving. Further on are the very similar panels of carving which adorned the organ pipes, and some portions of marble statues and tablets. One of these last seems never to have been put up. Perhaps the fees were refused. On the beams above are placed in two long rows the helmets used at various times in the heraldic decoration of funerals. There are probably as many as seventy of them, but not one of any great value or beauty. Among other relics are two marble slabs long packed up in a box. They are beautifully carved in the late Italian style which Horace Walpole admired so much, and are clearly of his time or a very little earlier. On one is the head of St. Mary the Virgin, and on the other that of the Saviour. There are many points about them unsuitable for the decoration of a Protestant church, and so tradition or some wisacre assigns them to a destroyed or unfinished monument of Anne of Cleves. But a glance at what does remain of her tomb in the choir below is sufficient to set that part of the question at rest. Near the marbles is a relic both of more interest and of less doubtful antecedents. Bundled up in two or three faggots are the venerable railings of the tomb of Edward I. How it comes to pass that in this "restoring" age they are not set up again in their proper place it would be hard to say. But architects are fond of a kind

of restoration which consists of the evolution from their own inner consciousness of a conception of what a thing ought to have been, and are apt to neglect such a piece of evidence as this as to what it was. With regard to these railings, however, there is not any manner of doubt whatsoever, for they are figured by Dart in their proper place. Dean Stanley tells us that in 1764 the mob broke in during the funeral of Pulteney, Earl of Bath, and that the gentlemen who attended his body to the tomb in the Islop Chapel, opposite, tore down the canopy of Edward's tomb, and defended themselves with "the broken rafters." It may be so; but these iron spears, each tipped with its fleur-de-lis, would form much more obviously appropriate weapons on such an occasion. The "wooden hatch put up by Feckenham at the head of the stairs" has been restored, but not the beautiful rails. From the northern side of the triforium a fine view is obtained into the Poet's Corner and the muniment room, with its great chests and coffers, erroneously described by Scott as being in the triforium itself. But in the upper story is a quadrant-shaped cope-chest and other vast chests for vestments, interesting in themselves, but not so splendidly locked and barred and clasped as the boxes in the muniment room below.

Another interesting place upstairs is the chantry or Chapel of Henry V. It is a kind of gallery over the headless effigy so familiar at the end of the Confessor's Chapel. We are accustomed to admire the swans and antelopes and the curious scenes from the King's life which are carved on the high screen under which we pass on the way into the Chapel of Henry VII., without remembering that it conceals one of the most elaborate little buildings of that age now remaining. It is raised so high that people far down in the nave must have been able to see the daily elevation of the host, and with a certain felicity, leading as it does to the Lady Chapel, was dedicated to the Annunciation. Some ingenious person has discovered that the western side of the screen, with its tall staircase towers, forms the letter H, the initial of Henry's name, and unfortunately some still more ingenious person has discovered that the helmet on the crossbeam is not that in which the King fought at Agincourt, but one specially ordered by the undertakers for the funeral. It is more solid, but scarcely more important, in truth, than the threescore and ten we saw in the triforium. When we climb into a neighbouring chantry, that of Abbot Islop, we find it filled with still more singular funeral monuments. The waxworks are no longer shown to the public, yet they are worth seeing, and are probably the most vivid likenesses remaining of the few personages they represent. Dean Stanley strangely observes that "they were even highly esteemed as works of art." No doubt they were. It is unquestionable that the figure of Chatham, with his keen eyes, his bushy eyebrows—features both lost in ordinary sculpture—his great nose, his commanding attitude, is brought more distinctly before the mind by a sight of this wonderfully-speaking effigy. Did Macaulay ever see little William of Orange standing on a cushion beside his tall stout wife, and observe the intensely real look of the slight figure, and the worn yet vivacious face? Certainly these figures were the work of no mean master, and if the Duchesse of Richmond and her dead son, lying in state, are not so good, it is rather because the subjects were not equal to the art than because the art failed to do them justice. Even the comparatively faded figure of Charles II., which faces the spectator as he enters the chantry, is startling with its appearance of reality.

#### FRENCH IN THE ARMY.

TO what extent it is necessary that officers in the army should possess a colloquial knowledge of French is a point upon which the military authorities may be admitted to be the best judges. The Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Childers would hardly have made up their minds that it is necessary unless they had seen strong reason for doing so. If much study is a weariness of the flesh to those who are preparing for examinations, the examinations which demand it are scarcely less so to the authorities who are responsible for seeing the army properly officered. Every fresh subject introduced brings with it some fresh annoyance in the shape of the additional rock that it places in the way of candidates who, if this requirement could have been dispensed with, might have made very good soldiers. It is not unlikely that some readers of the letters which have passed between Lord Morley and the Chairman of the Committee of the Head-masters' Conference may be of opinion that the new demand which it is proposed to make upon candidates is simply part of that perverse system of competition which is making it more and more difficult for stupid young men to earn an honest living. They will be tempted to ask, with their grandfathers, where is the use of all this parleyvoing? Those who can take a less immediately interested view of the question will not suspect either the Commander-in-Chief or the Secretary of State of any pedantic straining after an ideal perfection in military education. The War Office, they will feel sure, has had good reason to believe that an English officer is, or may be, decidedly more useful to the country when he can speak French than when he cannot, and in this conviction they will rest content.

When we pass to the method by which the War Office proposes to get what it wants, it is not possible to speak thus confidently. Lord Morley informs Mr. Bell that, at a date hereafter to be fixed, a knowledge of French, both scholastic and colloquial, will be



made obligatory on all candidates for admission to the various branches of the army, and requests him to bring the matter before the Conference of Head-masters, and to favour the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State with any suggestions which he may think fit to offer in reply. It will be observed that the announcement that a knowledge of French, both scholastic and colloquial, is hereafter to be required from all candidates for admission to the army is made in somewhat too peremptory a tone to tempt Head-masters to say more on the subject than they could help. The suggestions asked for are evidently meant to be suggestions how the change can best be carried out in practice. Their opinions upon the merit of the change are not invited. What the War Office chiefly cares to know is how, and still more how soon, it may be introduced. The Head-masters have not allowed themselves to be deterred by this unusual decisiveness from stating their objections to the proposal itself. There are only a very few of them who either profess to be satisfied with the arrangements at present existing in their schools for giving a reasonable knowledge of colloquial French, or to see their way to making such alterations in those arrangements as would enable them to meet the wishes of the War Office hereafter any better than they do now. The majority, not merely in numbers, but in weight of experience, say frankly that what the War Office wants cannot be gained at a public school, and consequently that candidates ought not to be asked to produce it until they have had time to gain it after leaving school. They suggest that, instead of a knowledge of colloquial French being demanded from candidates for admission to Woolwich or Sandhurst, the examination in it should be postponed until the time that the candidate is about to receive his commission, a plan which would allow a residence of some months in France to be included in the course of preparation. The reasons given by the Head-masters for preferring their own scheme to that proposed by the War Office seem to us to be convincing. The postponement of the examination in colloquial French will allow of greater proficiency being gained in it, and will not entail on the candidate the loss of more valuable knowledge. In both these respects the plan proposed by the War Office is open to serious objection.

"In a public school the conditions of life and of class teaching are such as to make a training in colloquial French practically impossible." This, Mr. Bell says, is the conviction of the most experienced Head-masters. But for an article in the *Times* of Monday we should have thought, indeed, that their testimony was hardly needed to establish it. The *Times*, however, is clearly not of this opinion. It attributes the fact that "oftener than not the schoolboy of seventeen cannot string together an ordinary French sentence, while his younger sister can pilot the family through the Continent," to a bad tradition. A truer account of the matter is that the difference is accounted for by the difference in the trainings the brother and sister have severally undergone. However little a girl has been taught, she has usually been taught French; and the method in which she has learned it, though often very ill suited to give her any real knowledge of scholastic French, has been fairly well suited to teach her colloquial French. Whether at school or at home, she has had a French governess, to whom, if she speaks at all, she must speak in French; and she has probably been forbidden to use any other language in school-room conversation. If schoolboys were subjected to the same system they might equally profit by it, and the writer in the *Times* could not be better employed than in framing a model set of rules for making French the sole medium of conversation in the cricket-field or on the river, and the language through which the other subjects taught in the school shall be conveyed to the boys. As regards the first object, however, it is possible that boys might be less easily made to talk French while at play than girls have been during the sober recreation of walking or needlework. As regards the second, we own to some doubt whether in the improvement that girls' education is now undergoing this ability to speak French more fluently than correctly will not tend to disappear. As often as not, it was the one scanty harvest reaped from ground which in other respects was pretty much allowed to lie fallow. Now that other crops have to be raised on it it remains to be seen whether they will not crowd out the one which has till lately held almost undisputed possession. Whether this be so or not, the opinion of the Head-masters, as collected by Mr. Bell, is that the effort to give boys at public schools the necessary expertness in colloquial French would certainly entail the sacrifice of time urgently needed for "subjects of much greater educational value," and that the end attained by this sacrifice would be attained much more easily and surely without it. The utmost, they say, "that schools could do as far as a colloquial knowledge of a foreign language is concerned would be to attain imperfectly by the labour of years what can be effected in a very short time in the country itself." What schools can give is "a sound training in French grammar, vocabulary, dictation, and composition." They can prepare a young man for learning to talk French, but they cannot teach him to talk French. But this preparation will have two advantages of its own. In the first place it will make such colloquial facility as a young man may afterwards acquire a solid and permanent possession. He will know the language instead of merely knowing how to say certain things in the language. In the next place, it will have a genuine educational value. "Scholastic" French can be made to render the learner very much the same service that his

companions are getting from "scholastic" Latin or Greek, whereas colloquial French yields him nothing in the process of getting familiar with it, useful as it undoubtedly is hereafter.

There is a further objection to the plan proposed by the War Office in the fact that parents would very soon find out whether their sons were learning to talk French, and if, as the Head-masters predict, it turned out that their progress at school was exceedingly slow, they would not be long in removing them. "The attempt to make colloquial French obligatory on entrance to the army would cause candidates to leave the public schools a considerable time before the period of the examination to seek special tuition in England, or more probably on the Continent." This is the expression of "a strong consensus of opinion," but the truth of it is so obvious that no such consensus is really necessary to establish it. A year or two before the ordinary time of leaving school a boy would go abroad with his parents, and be put through his paces at tables-d'hôte, at booking-offices and on board steamers, in passages of arms about luggage and in remonstrances against overcharges in the bills. When he broke down under the ordeal, the father and mother would agree that it was useless to keep him at school to learn French when—"as the *Times* says, my dear"—his younger sister, whose education has really cost next to nothing, can talk it very much better. Common sense would point to sending him abroad for a few months for this special purpose, and this special purpose would in all probability be attained. But it would not be attained without a far more than corresponding sacrifice. He "would lose precisely the most valuable period of public school life, when a boy rising to the top of the school receives the most able and experienced teaching, and is also being trained to bear public duties and responsibilities." On the other hand, if the examination in colloquial French is postponed till after the candidate is ready to receive his commission, this residence abroad can readily be inserted into, or immediately follow, his Woolwich or Sandhurst course. During this interval he will be likely, under any circumstances, to spend some time with a crammer; and, as no class of salesmen adapt themselves with more readiness to the public wants, the moment there is a demand for crammers living abroad the difficulty will be to find a crammer left in England. They will migrate in flocks during the interval of notice which the War Office will give, and at the end of it be found building swimming-baths at Boulogne or boathouses for outriggers at Tours. It is to be hoped that the War Office will be convinced by the reasoning of the Head-masters, and not adopt, either hastily or at leisure, a change of system which, as the military authorities themselves seem to suspect, will "have the effect of excluding from the army that most valuable class of English gentlemen—the young men who have passed through the public schools of the country."

#### ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

WITHIN the last few years electric lighting has made great advances. The improvements which have turned a brilliant laboratory experiment into a thing of everyday use and commercial value have been of two kinds—improvements in the lamps which produce the light by converting energy, in the form of electricity of current, into radiant energy in the form of light, and improvements in the means of obtaining electric currents from other forms of energy. At the present time we have for the production of the intensely brilliant lights which are coming into more and more general use for out-of-door illumination many excellent lamps, and five or six well-known forms of "dynamo" electric machines, which convert energy of motion (generally supplied by a steam-engine) into electricity. We are now speaking of the form of electric light most generally known—the arc light—in which two pencils of hard carbon are put in the electric circuit, allowed to touch, and then drawn slightly apart, when between them appears a band of intensely heated matter, which gives the most brilliant light known. When the advantages of electric lighting on this large scale became generally known, the question of lighting such spaces as are to be found in ordinary dwelling-houses by the new method naturally became one of public interest. There are several points which must be here considered: the arc lights on a large scale are cheap, the quality of the light is good; there is no consumption (under proper conditions) of the oxygen of the air or giving out of noxious gases. Against these advantages for domestic purposes we must set the facts that it is practically impossible to get an arc light of sufficiently small power for ordinary rooms, that small arc lights are expensive, and that the quality of the light is too dazzling from its very whiteness. However, electricians had another string to their bow in the principle of lighting by incandescence. If an electric current is passing through a conductor it heats it more or less, more heat being produced if the conductor is bad or offers a high resistance to the current than if it be good and offer but a low resistance; and by suitably adjusting current and resistance the conductor may be made so hot as to become a source of light. Some time ago, in noticing Mr. Edison's alleged inventions, we gave a brief sketch of the history of this form of light; we may go over the old ground again so far as to say that the first germ of the modern forms of incandescent lights was probably due to Mr. Swan of Newcastle, who employed as his source of light a thin thread of carbon, which the current raised to a white heat, and which he enclosed in a glass

globe exhausted in order to prevent the oxygen of the air attacking the carbon fibre, or, in other words, to prevent the carbon from burning. At the time when these experiments were first made less was known than at the present day of the various modes of preparing hard carbon suitable for such lamps. The appliances for exhausting the globes were not so perfect, and the means of preventing the leaking of air not so well understood.

After Mr. Edison had repeated all or most of Mr. Swan's former experiments under the firm impression that he was making perfectly new inventions, Mr. Swan again attacked the subject. Between the times of his first and second sets of experiments the attention of physicists had been much turned to the phenomena of electric discharges and of the action of radiant energy in very high vacua, so that they, their assistants, and the philosophical instrument-makers had been working hard at solving the problem of how to obtain and maintain a very high vacuum in a glass vessel, through the walls of which metal wires were passed, the result being that many of the difficulties in the way of the details of the construction of the lamp were removed. The growing demand for carbons for the arc lights, the use of carbon for telephone transmitters, of the form both of Professor Hughes's microphone and Mr. Edison's carbon transmitter, had led to much study and investigation of different methods of preparing carbon and of different materials from which to obtain it.

With improved appliances and with increased information, it was not long before Mr. Swan was able to bring a working lamp before the public which the improved dynamo machines could work at not too extravagant a cost. Indeed, Mr. Swan has already obtained more light from a given number of cubic feet of gas by using a gas engine to drive the dynamo machine supplying his lamps than could be obtained from the same quantity of gas burnt in ordinary gas-burners, in spite of the fact that incandescent electric lights must of necessity be more expensive than those of the arc form. Notwithstanding this economy, the light must be far more expensive than gas, for to the cost of obtaining power must be added interest on the first cost of machinery, and an annual charge for its wear and tear, together with interest on the outlay for wires, &c., and a further cost for renewing the lamps from time to time. However, if the light be used, great advantages are obtained. There is absolutely no burning up of the air, and no escape of poisonous gas, as there is in the case of every other known form of house light (with the exception of the globe gas light, which is expensive to fit, and about which the insurance offices, we believe, raise great difficulties). There is also very little heat. The light is beautiful in quality, being very like that given by Sugg's Argand burners, and, above all, it is perfectly steady. Again, when once the fittings are in place and the electric current supplied, there is no necessity for skilled attendance. The glass globes only require dusting now and then in the ordinary course of household work, and should a lamp become defective it can be replaced by a fresh one as easily and by the same means as a half-burnt candle can be changed for a whole one.

We have dwelt at this length on Mr. Swan's lamp before passing on to consider others, not only because to him belongs the credit—as far as it is possible to give credit to any one man for an invention in these days of rapid discovery and quick application of discoveries—of the first practical application of the incandescence of refractory conductors of high resistance to the production of a light, but also because his light has now stood the test of many months' practical use under the close observation of some of our most eminent men of science, and because all incandescent lamps have the same advantages and disadvantages as Mr. Swan's, the only difference between one system and another being in first cost and durability of the lamp. Another plan which has had some practical trial in England is that of Mr. Lane Fox. He has endeavoured to make the lamp cheaper than Mr. Swan's by using carbon and copper wire to make the connexions with the glowing carbon filament, instead of using platinum wire for the whole length, and has succeeded to some extent, though we venture to think that in practice it will be found that the increased expenditure for labour, owing to the somewhat complicated design of the lamp, will swallow up more than the saving in materials. Mr. Fox has also introduced other improvements in the processes of manufacture. Yet another system, the Maxim light, which we believe has satisfactorily stood the test of practical work in America, has recently been exhibited in London. The carbon fibre used is made from cardboard, a material which failed in the hands of Mr. Swan and Mr. Edison, but it is now used under new conditions; the globe is not only exhausted of air, but is filled with the vapour of some hydrocarbon and re-exhausted, this operation being performed several times, and at the last exhaustion a small quantity of the vapour is allowed to remain. The inventors say that this vapour deposits fresh carbon on the filament in any place which, by being too thin, becomes unduly heated, and that thus a system of automatic repair is kept up in the lamp for a time; for they do not claim an indefinite life for their lamp, though they say it will last eight or nine hundred hours. In addition to this, the method of fixing the carbon filament to the conducting wires is simple and inexpensive; and it is also asserted that, by means of a new composition, copper wire instead of platinum may be used, and sealed even more perfectly to the glass. They also exhibit a very ingenious and effective current regulator, which enables them with, say 130 lamps in circuit, to use any number of them, from one up to the full complement, and insure an equal brilliancy from each.

Let us now consider how the electricity is to be given to us. As yet there is only one economical method of obtaining such

currents of electricity as are wanted for lighting purposes—that is, by a dynamo machine turned by "power" of some kind. In many places it is possible to obtain water power, and hence very great economy; but in towns we must generally use the steam-engine or the gas-engine. There are two ways of supplying the current thus obtained—one is from some central station of great power, by means of insulated conductors branching off to the houses of consumers; and the other is for each consumer to make his own electricity on the premises. Now in the case of London the difficulties in the way of laying the conductors are very great. Their first cost is large, and, in the present state of electric engineering, the difficulty of keeping them properly insulated is enormous. Hence a large cost for maintenance is inevitable. We think, therefore, that the second plan is, at all events at present, the more practicable; and, were the Gas Companies to take the matter up warmly, the introduction of these lights would increase their revenues instead of diminishing them. Their expense will prevent their being used in small houses; but they might be used with advantage in houses with large reception rooms, which are now usually lighted with oil or wax candles, hardly ever by gas. Were these rooms lighted by electricity, the gas-engine would certainly be used, as it requires no attendance except cleaning and oiling, and may be put up in any house without increasing the rate of insurance. If the Gas Companies, then, fostered the introduction of these lights in such houses, they would open up a new market for their gas, and might also, by obtaining a very small increase of their powers from Parliament, develop a new branch of business by becoming agents for the lights and engines, and might even erect the whole plant and charge a rent on it, instead of compelling the consumer to buy it out and out.

#### CHARLEMAGNE IN THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

THE terrible old man who has suddenly become famous, James Carlyle, used to stigmatize the *Arabian Nights* as "downright lies," and sternly forbade the introduction of any such unwholesome literature into his house. This one, at least, of his various decided opinions has more reason in it than even the "most intelligent man" his son ever met could imagine. No book has put forward so many false pretensions and had them so completely exposed. The history of the intellectual vicissitudes of him who once believed in the *Arabian Nights* is the history of illusions dissipated. There was a time when we believed them all to be true; then for a longer spell we thought them at least original and Arabian; and now we know that they are neither the one nor the other, but a bundle of stolen goods, picked up in Persia, India, Europe, and we know not where, and merely "dyed garments from Bozra," dyed with Arabian colours, and patched here and there with the fibre of the date palm. The *Arabian Nights* are a palimpsest of the folklore of the world, written over with Kufic characters. Like their own wonderful stories which are to serve as an example to him who would be admonished, they are written in letters of gold on a ground of ultramarine; but only the forms of the letters are Semitic—the gold and the ultramarine come from *ultra mare vastum*, over the Indian Ocean, from the household tales of the Aryan race.

Even the things that might be trusted to be accurate are proved untrustworthy. It is only a month since "the good Haroun Alraschid," whom the *Arabian Nights* present in a highly favourable light, was shown up as a villain in the brief limits of a magazine article; and other pet illusions are in course of dissipation in the same quarter. When a character of the Thousand and One is not destroyed it is traced to a foreign source, with more or less success, till scarcely a fragment remains of the original or truthfulness which once belonged to our childhood's companion. But, when we have once made up our minds to the change, and admitted that our old friends are not all we thought them, it is not hard to become reconciled to the new position. The *Arabian Nights* do not lose, but gain, when they are shown to belong to the same stock of household lore which has delighted the childhood and the age of all the nations of Europe and Asia. Each new discovery which throws light on the sources of this wonderful collection of stories has its value and interest, and the time for genuine regret will only be when there are no more relations to be made out.

The last instalment of *Arabian Nights'* genealogy comes from Dr. Bacher, who investigates one of the less familiar stories of the Thousand and One in the Journal of the German Oriental Society. Almost at the end of the eighth hundred of these Nights occurs a tale which Lane did not think worthy of insertion in his classical translation, on the ground that it was very similar to two other tales, both of which were included in his translation, but neither of which were among the best examples. Dr. Bacher, however, finds a special interest in this omitted story, and his reasons are worth considering. The story is entitled "Noureddin and Mary the Girdle-girl," and runs somewhat thus:—Mary was the daughter of the King of the Franks, who brought her up with the greatest care. She was the most "advanced" young lady of the day, and was not only remarkable for her learning and the elegance of her calligraphy, but was perfectly accomplished in all knightly exercises, and was as renowned for the use of the spear as for that more feminine instrument which served to gain her the epithet of "Girdle-girl," from the charming taste she displayed



in making waistbands. Kings sought her hand in vain, for her father loved her so well that he could not bear to be away from her one instant. Once, when she was very ill, she made a vow, if she recovered, to go on pilgrimage to a certain convent on an island. She was on the way to fulfil her vow, when her boat was seized by Mohammedan pirates, and she herself was sold as a slave in Kairowan. Here she nursed her master so devotedly that he promised never to sell her to any one she did not like. In accordance with this promise she was sold in Alexandria to a delightful young man, Nouredin, with whom she remained in the utmost happiness for a while, till the wicked old one-eyed Vizier of the Frank king, came and carried her back to her home. Nouredin, as an Oriental lover, of course followed her to Europe, was taken prisoner, but, being assigned as servant to some church, met Mary, who came thither frequently for pious consolation. They resolved to fly together, but were stopped by her brother and turned back. Mary, however, slew her brother in single combat, and after him put two other brothers to the sword, and the lovers once more fly Eastward. Then the Frank king wrote a letter to the Khalif, the Prince of the Faithful, Haroun Alraschid, to beg him to seek out Mary and send her back to her father, and offering in return half Germany to build mosques in for Moslem colonists. The Khalif caught the refugees at Damascus, and had them brought before him at Baghdad. There he hears their story, and tells them the request of the King of the Franks; whereupon Mary speaks thus:—

"O Vicegerent of God on His earth, Upholder of the doctrine of His prophet, God keep calamity far from thee and guard thee from ill! Thou art God's vicar on earth, and thy creed is the true and enduring religion, the religion of Abraham and his seed, not what blasphemers believe in worshipping the Messiah. I am become a believer and acknowledger of the Unity, I worship God the Blessed; I know him and praise him, the One. So speak I before the Khalif; I bear witness that there is no god but God, and that Mohammed is the Apostle of God, God's servant and messenger, whom He hath sent with the guiding and the religion of truth, to make it triumph over all other creeds in spite of the gainsaying of the idolaters. . . . Is it in thy power, O Prince of the Faithful, to obey the blasphemer's letter and send me back to the land of the unbelievers, where they worship other gods and elevate crosses and adore idols? If thou act thus, O Prince of the Faithful, I would hold to thy robe on the day of God's great muster, and complain against thee to thy uncle's son, God's prophet, Mohammed, the son of Abdallah, on that day when neither wealth nor children may avail, but only an obedient heart."

Haroun could not withstand her entreaty, and, after marrying the lovers, put the King of the Franks' ambassadors to death, Mary herself kindly officiating as headwoman. Nouredin has his relatives brought to Baghdad, and all live happily together until the arrival of the terminator of delights and the separator of companions.

Mary's conversion to Islam is, of course, the point of the story, and the moral—the counterpart of Wieland's *Oberon*—is not an uncommon one. The very next tale in the *Arabian Nights* has the same moral, and both remind one of the touching story of the Christian maiden, whom her lover, a Mohammedan sheikh, finds stretched senseless on the ground in her search for him, as Ferid-eddin has told it:—

There lay she as a corpse: her beauteous head  
Bare 'neath the cruel sun; her little feet,  
That oft had borne her through the mazy dance,  
Bare on the sand; her eyes in deathly trance,  
Her wavy locks profaned with dust; her sweet  
Lips pale and dumb, that late were kissed so red.

Slowly the dreamy eye regains its sight,  
The wildly beating heart flies to its love,  
And shelters under tears that fall apace  
Upon the sweetly-sadly smiling face  
And feeble lips that strive awhile to move  
And tell their burden in death's gathering night:—

"Love's ardent longing burns away my soul!  
Let me not glow beyond a severing wall!  
O may it be, that in a life renewed  
Within Islam I may attain the good!"  
Slowly she spoke the mightiest creed of all  
That help men onwards to the eternal goal.

"My strength is gone, O why may I not live?  
The parting comes—my fading senses reel—  
From this earth dwelling, 'till so fair, I fly:—  
Farewell, my sheikh, my master—love—good-bye!  
No time—no words—to tell thee all I feel—  
Faintness o'ercomes me—O forgive, forgive!"

And as she spoke, her soul to heaven fled,  
A victim rich that love himself did slay.  
As stormy clouds quench the sun's setting red  
So in death's shadows passed sweet life away.

But the curious part of the story of Nouredin and Mary is its European character. Mary is called the "Girdle-girl," *zonnâria*; and it is worth noting that the *zonnâr* is a girdle only worn by Christians and other "infidels," and is in fact nothing but the Greek *ζώνιον*. Her brother is called Bertât, which is a very fair attempt at Berthold. Convents and pilgrimages are referred to, and church bells ring when Mary and her lover meet. These things seem certainly to point to a European source, and Dr. Bacher believes that he finds the original in the story of Charlemagne's daughter Emma and his secretary Eginhard, as related in Grimm's *Deutsche Sagen*. The parallel is supported by several points of detail, as well as by the similarity of the outline. The relations of the pair in the Oriental version are very remarkable. It is the princess who carries off her lover and defeats and slays the pursuers. Nouredin apparently acts as umpire on the occasion; and when Mary asks him how he feels before battle,

he admits, in what in these days would be held rather coarse language, that he feels horribly frightened. Something of the same character is given to Eginhard, the lover of Charlemagne's daughter Emma; in this legend, also, it is the lady who takes the lead, and conceals her lover under her cloak as they fly to the retreat where Eginhard is to lie hidden. The correspondence of the two stories is strengthened by the circumstance that Nouredin, when a prisoner, is made a church servant, whilst Eginhard, as Erzcapellan, belonged to the ghostly profession. Charlemagne's love for his daughter was well known, and the father of Mary is also celebrated for his paternal affection. Charlemagne, moreover, was actually the contemporary of Haroun Alraschid, just as the *Arabian Nights* make the father of Mary; and there is a story of an embassy sent by him to Baghdad, which Dr. Bacher accepts on (we think) insufficient evidence, though he does not pretend that the great Karl had in contemplation any scheme for colonizing Germany with Moslems. The resemblance between the two stories is undoubtedly very striking, and there is no fundamental unlikeliness in the theory of an Eastward migration of an individual legend. The *Arabian Nights* were not collected till long after the early Crusades, and the Christian invaders might well have carried the story of Emma and Eginhard into the camp of Saladin. The kings of the East came to Cologne, and Charlemagne was only returning the compliment in repaying their visit.

#### YACHT RACING.

THE yacht racing season opened inauspiciously this year with a dispute, which even now is not settled. It seems that the owners of the principal racing yachts were so worried last year by having to sail under constantly varying regulations and by the absurd conditions which were laid down by some Committees that they determined not to race this season at any regatta at which the rules of the Yacht Racing Association were not accepted. In May it was announced in the *Field* that the Thames matches would be very dull ones, as the owners of the *Latona*, *Florida*, *Miranda*, *Samana*, and other vessels had agreed not to enter for any races round the coast not held under Y. R. A. rules. As need hardly be said, neither the R. T. Y. C. nor the N. T. Y. C. recognize these rules. With regard to one of the vessels named, the *Samana*, there must have been some mistake, as she sailed in the races of what have been called the "Boycotted" clubs; and it is impossible to suppose that her owner, Mr. John Jameson, junior, would have broken a pledge he had given to his brother yachtmen. With regard to the other vessels, however, the announcement proved to be quite correct, as none of them were entered for the early matches. This strike on the part of yacht-owners was seemingly viewed with great concern by the Committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, who entered into negotiations with the yacht-owners, and who appear, in dealing with a rather difficult matter, to have shown good sense and good temper, and to have been animated by a sincere desire to make all fair concessions to legitimate complaint. In one respect the discontented yacht-owners had made a mistake. No statement of their very just complaints reached the Committee until after the general meeting of the Club. Some of the regulations complained of, which differ from those of the Y. R. A., are embodied in the rules of the Club, and can only be altered at the general meeting. The Committee, therefore, had no power to change what was objected to, but they undertook to consider favourably before next year the wishes of the owners and to accede to them—i.e. we presume, to recommend the necessary alterations of rules—unless there were cogent reasons for not doing so. With this promise the yacht-owners, who, on their side, certainly showed no obstinate or unconciliatory spirit, were satisfied, and what threatened to be a painful dispute was brought to a satisfactory conclusion so far as the Royal Thames Yacht Club was concerned. The authorities of the New Thames Yacht Club were, however, apparently much more prejudiced in favour of their own rules, and much less disposed to grant fair demands than those of the older Club, who might naturally have been expected to be the more conservative of the two. The Committee did nothing, and the matches were in consequence deprived of all interest, while the Royal Thames had a fine entry for their great race. Of the difficulty which thus happily ended before this fine contest we should not now have spoken had it not been that precisely the same question as arose between the yacht-owners and the Royal Thames is now pending between the former and another great Club.

It is generally understood that the owners have laid before the authorities of the Royal Yacht Squadron their reasons for desiring a uniform code of rules, and that the matter is being considered by that body. Much is it to be hoped that the Committee at the Castle will show the same sense and moderation which were shown by the Committee in Albemarle Street. No one will accuse the latter of being too ready for innovation, or with disregard of precedent; but, without being in the least anxious for change, they have been able to recognize the necessity for change when it arose and the fair nature of the demands made on them. It is scarcely necessary to point out that no exception can be made in the case of one particular club, and that, if the Squadron is to insist on adhering to its own rules, any other club on the coast may do the same. The distracting variety of rules and the

great trouble caused by the different systems of measurement have long been complained of, and last season the evil became quite intolerable. It is to be hoped that the Committee of the R. Y. S. will not fail to see how much the prestige of Cowes will be injured if they simply oppose a *nolumus* to fair and temperate demands to which other clubs accede, and that the August races will not be made utterly tame by the absence of the best yachts.

The Thames races were, owing to this and other causes, very poor affairs. Had they been of interest we should have spoken of them before, but there was literally nothing to tell of, as the one match which promised to be exciting lost all its attraction from an accident which happened to the *Slouthound* before the start. The successes of the so-called ten-ton *Buttercup* created, it is true, some commotion, but they can hardly be considered as really remarkable, since it was in no way wonderful that a vessel of twenty-two tons displacement, sailing in the ten-ton class, should win victories. The *Latona* is a justly-admired yacht, but the chance of the *Latona* would be small against a properly modelled and ballasted racer displacing three hundred and fifty-two tons of salt water. What the successes of the *Buttercup* truly proved was the injustice of the present rule of measurement and the possibility of taking enormous advantage of it. That this cutter is a good and well-designed vessel we do not for a moment deny, and indeed she proved it well in the race against the twenties and the *Maggie*, but in the ten-ton class she does not race against equals, and what has been done in building her might be done with equal success on a larger scale. If a capitalist, to whom a few thousands more or less were a small matter, were to build a big yacht with proportions as close to those of the *Buttercup* as racing waters allow, he would probably be able to hoist a considerable number of flags at the conclusion of each season—so long as the present rule of measurement remained in force.

The well-managed Harwich regatta, which, unlike some of the other regattas, happily occupied its usual place in the list of "yachting fixtures," was made terribly dull by Harwich calms, though the tiny breath of wind that blew for a short time was enough to show how much might be expected from Mr. Watson's latest achievement, the forty-ton *May*, a vessel not quite of the *Buttercup's* proportions, but still not modelled with reckless disregard of the venerable measurement rule. On the sail home the *Daphne*, a Clyde cutter, which has not done much before this season, achieved a remarkable triumph. She did not attempt to repeat it, however, in the match sailed on June 17th, for a prize of 100*l.*, very liberally presented to the Royal London Yacht Club by Sir Curtis Lampton. This race, sailed over a new and well-planned course at the mouth of the Thames, was in one respect of unusual interest, as the *Florinda* and *Latona* met for the first time this season. During the winter the latter yacht has undergone the same alterations as the *Florinda* underwent the winter before last—that is to say, she has had a considerable quantity of lead bolted on to her keel and her sail area increased. She did not at all distinguish herself on this day, as she was completely beaten by the *Miranda*, which came in considerably ahead both of her and of the *Florinda*, after sailing a very good race. Shortly afterwards, however, when there was more wind, the *Latona* showed how greatly she had been improved by judicious ballasting and increased canvas. Sailing against the *Florinda* in a strong breeze, she beat the renowned yawl by no less than thirteen minutes over a forty-four mile course, achieving a victory which seems likely to be succeeded by many others, for, in the magnificent race from the Nore to Dover, which took place on the day succeeding that of the match just mentioned, the improvement in her power of sailing was made, if possible, yet more manifest. Headed for awhile by the *Miranda*, she passed that vessel without difficulty when the sheets were got in, and beat in splendid style against a strong breeze with some sea from the North Sand Head lightship to Dover. If, however, her performance was calculated to increase the confidence in lead keels which is now so generally felt, that of another yacht, the *Samana*, which carries an enormous quantity of outside lead, was such, on the other hand, as to cause some scepticism. This cutter had considerable difficulty in passing the *Miranda*, and only came in some three minutes and a half ahead of her. The schooner, which, it should be observed, has also undergone treatment during the winter, sailed to perfection, and if the official times, which differ from those given in some of the papers, were correct, was within her time of both the cutter and the yawl, according to the Y. R. A. scale, and would, therefore, have taken the first prize had there been rig allowances. The *Cinque Ports'* yawl and schooner matches served to show still further how much better in a good breeze the *Latona* and *Miranda* are than they were. The former ran away from the *Florinda*, coming in a quarter of an hour ahead of her, and the sailing of the *Miranda* made it clear that when there is wind the *Egeria* has not a chance against her, for, strange to say, the smaller vessel drew away more and more as the wind grew stronger. It is worth notice that these fine contests were described in the *Times* by a reporter so profoundly ignorant of seamanship and yacht racing as to speak of the schooners as reaching out on the first round to a buoy, which the yawls sailing at the same time had to make a board to fetch, and to describe a yacht which in a strong breeze was nearly eleven minutes behind her antagonist at the finish as close in her wake.

Brilliant races were succeeded by a very dull one, as the sail to Boulogne and back was, owing to calms and light winds, a tedious

affair. The Plymouth regatta was spoilt by being fixed too near the Dover regatta, or, as perhaps would be said at Plymouth, by the unreasonable conduct of the Dover people, who insisted on keeping the racing yachts till the beginning of this week. On the first day the *Samana* sailed against the once famous *Nova*, and, of course, defeated her. On the second, with a light breeze just the right way for a cutter, she achieved a signal victory over the *Miranda*.

At Falmouth, in a light and very uncertain breeze, the *Samana* was again successful, while the *Latona* only saved her time on the *Miranda* for the second prize by two seconds. On Thursday the yawl and the cutter met in the Mersey the famous *Vanduaara*, which did not this year come south for the early matches. A strong north-westerly breeze was blowing at starting, and a flying start would have been feasible; but the Committee adhered to their programme, and in consequence, after being involved in some difficulties, the yachts got off in a very unsatisfactory manner, the *Samana* being well ahead and to windward of the *Latona*, and the yawl, in her turn, a long way ahead of the *Vanduaara*, and to windward of her. The first-named vessel held her lead through the narrow channel, and got close to the bar, where the sea was very heavy. Here her bobstay fell stranded, and she had to give up. The *Latona* made such bad weather of it, that she also had to turn back, while the *Coryphée* and *May*, which had sailed for the forty-ton match, were of course obliged to follow the example of the larger yachts. The *Vanduaara* shortened sail when her rivals gave up, and allowed the tide to take her across the bar. She then duly sailed over the course, and, passing the flagboat a few minutes after five, gained one of the most remarkable of her many victories.

#### THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

SINCE the Monetary Conference adjourned in May, it would seem that pourparlers have been set on foot, which ought to have been carried through before the Conference met. Two great Governments, like those of France and the United States, ought to have understood that a change in the monetary systems of the nations of Europe was one that could be made only by the Governments themselves. Such a change is not a mere question of political economy. It requires, of course, accurate economical knowledge; but it is a question quite as much of politics as of economics. It depends so much upon the habits of the people concerned, upon their feelings and even prejudices, and it also depends very largely upon the degree of economical development to which a country has attained, and, consequently, on the convenience of commerce. It would seem, therefore, to have been the proper course for France and the United States to have ascertained how far the several great Governments would go with them in rehabilitating silver. And this ought to have appeared more clearly incumbent when our own Government refused even the invitation to the Conference unless it was clearly understood that by accepting the Government committed itself to nothing. It would appear, however, that France and the United States were misled by the few eminent men in this country who have joined the ranks of the bimetallicists, and thought they could bring to bear upon our Government sufficient pressure to induce it to yield. They hurried on, therefore, the meeting of the Conference, and the result was that when the delegates came together, they found they were unable to agree upon anything. Their instructions were too vague and indefinite; and, as they had no authority in themselves to decide upon anything, they indulged in the vague discourses which have brought the Conference into not a little discredit. It became plain then to the Ministers of France and the United States that, unless the Conference was to become ridiculous, it was necessary to come to an understanding with the British Government. The prorogation, therefore, took place; and in the interval it would seem that serious proposals have been submitted to our Government, the answers to which are now being considered by the Governments taking part in the Conference.

It will be recollected that the Governments of Italy and Holland were willing to join those of France and the United States in establishing bimetallicism; that Switzerland and Belgium, on the contrary, inclined towards the single gold standard, and that Austria and Russia, being as yet unprepared to resume specie payments, were careful not to commit themselves to any definite programme. It was, however, to Germany and the United Kingdom that France and the United States looked to decide whether the Conference was to be successful or not. Our Government made known its decision, even before the Conference met, that under no conditions would it alter its monetary system. It offered, however, on the part of India, to enter into an engagement that, for a number of years to be agreed upon, India would continue to coin silver freely, as she has done in the past. Germany also made an offer upon its part. It would not give up the single gold standard which it had obtained at great cost, and after much trouble; but it would undertake not to sell any of its surplus silver for a period to be agreed upon by the contracting parties. When at last it should begin to sell silver again, it would further undertake to sell only such quantities as the market could absorb without a serious decline in price. Furthermore, it would leave in circulation no gold coin under the value of our own sovereign, and it would re-coin its silver pieces of the same weight as the silver circulating in the proposed bimetallic union: that is to say, each



silver piece should be 15½ times as heavy as its equivalent in gold. Lastly, it offered also to call in the Treasury notes which now circulate in Germany. In these several ways it would absorb a portion of the silver now lying idle, and it would also relieve the market for a definite number of years. The proposals of both India and Germany, though not quite satisfactory, were yet deemed such as would admit of further negotiation by France and the United States; but it was considered essential that England also should do something, and the difficulty was to find what that something should be. Our Government was quite resolved not to make any change in our monetary system, while France and the United States considered it necessary that it should do something to justify them in the eyes of their own people in adopting the bimetalism which they are anxious to establish. At last a proposal was made by one of the Spanish delegates which seemed to open the way to an arrangement. By the Act of 1844, which now regulates the management of the Bank of England, that Bank is given power to hold in silver one-fifth of the bullion which it keeps against its note issue. For a number of years the Bank has not availed itself of this permission, and Señor Y. Prendergast suggested that it should undertake again to hold the authorized amount of silver bullion. This, together with the Indian offer, would, in his opinion, be such a concession as the other Powers could accept from England. It would seem that this proposal was brought under the notice of our own Government, and by it was submitted to the Bank of England for consideration. The Bank is understood to have replied that it would be inclined to make the promise required of it provided the Governments of France and the United States, or either of them, would allow of the free mintage of silver. The Bank, as is well known, is bound to cash all its notes in gold. If, therefore, it were to keep a portion of its bullion in silver, circumstances might occur in which it would be absolutely necessary for it to change this silver for gold in order to cash its notes and give confidence to the note-holders. Unless, therefore, France and the United States, or either of them, stipulated to allow of the free coinage of silver for all the world, the Bank clearly could not undertake to keep an amount of silver bullion.

Three objections have been urged against this course on the part of the Bank, two of which appear to us to be absolutely devoid of weight. One is that it is calculated to give encouragement to the promoters of cheap money. Now this argument appears to us very much of a piece with the argument of the total abstinence people who tell temperate men that they should not drink wine because, by doing so, they give encouragement to drunkards. Surely men of business and men of affairs must guide their conduct by other considerations than these. They are too doctrinaire anywhere out of the schools. Besides the phrase—the promoters of cheap money—is itself open to exception. To attempt to make money cheap artificially is, no doubt, quackery, and ought to be discouraged; but cheap money in itself is a desirable thing, and, when it can be had, promotes trade. The second objection is that, as the Bank is dependent upon the undertaking by two foreign Governments always to keep their mints open for silver, it runs a risk in keeping silver which it is not justified in running. This argument would apply to such a multitude of transactions that it has no force in the case before us. Many bankers argue that United States bonds are really a better security than Consols, because they are largely dealt in, not only in London and New York, but in Amsterdam, Paris, Frankfurt, and Berlin as well; and that consequently, should a panic occur, it is scarcely credible that it would extend to all those markets at the same time; and, therefore, the holder of United States bonds would be able to sell them without much loss somewhere, whereas Consols have no market outside the United Kingdom. But United States bonds have value solely because of the general belief that the United States will observe the obligation to pay the interest and principal of its bonds when they fall due. It might, therefore, gravely be argued that no man is justified in holding United States bonds, because war or some other terrible accident might prevent the United States from fulfilling their obligations. Again, telegraph shares constitute a very large and valuable property widely held by the British public. There are telegraphs stretching across the Atlantic; there are telegraphs uniting this country with India, China, and Australia. In case of a war, it is quite conceivable that all these telegraph lines might be cut, and that the property might thus become valueless for years together. Are we then to be told that, because a war or some other catastrophe might render telegraph shares valueless, a careful investor is not justified in putting his money into telegraph shares? So we might go on through the whole list of Stock Exchange securities known as "international," and say that, under given circumstances, they might be rendered valueless. Nay, it is quite conceivable that even Consols themselves, in case of a war, might become unsaleable. Supposing the battle of Dorking were really to be fought, and that a foreign enemy were in occupation of London, it is probable that the interest on Consols would not be paid. Are we to say, therefore, the Bank of England, for fear of what might happen in case of a war, ought not to hold Consols? The argument, in fact, proves too much, and for that reason is of no force in the instance before us. France and the United States may safely be trusted to fulfil their obligations, save under circumstances when it will matter little what metal is held.

The one really valid argument against the proposal is, that the Bank of England is bound to cash all its notes in gold whenever

required, and if it holds in silver one-fifth of the bullion intended to cash the notes, it does not possess the means of fulfilling its obligations, supposing a run were to take place upon the Bank, and its notes to be presented in the course of a day or two. It is extremely unlikely, however, that there ever will be a run of this kind on the Bank of England. Such a run could only be conceived of if a foreign enemy had landed, and were marching straight upon London without the means of resisting it. And even then the run could be stopped by the suspension of cash payments and by declaring bank notes legal tender in all transactions, as no doubt would be done in the case supposed. Under all ordinary conditions, if free mintage were maintained by France and the United States, the Bank of England would be able—did it need to do so—to despatch its silver to Paris or the United States, send it into the mints there, and take gold in return. The Bank, therefore, is fully protected against loss by the condition upon which it insists that either France or the United States must maintain the free coinage of silver. Sir R. Peel carefully considered the point when framing the Act of 1844, and we see no reason for dissenting from the conclusion to which he came.

## REVIEWS.

### FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.\*

WE intend neither an excess of honour nor an excess of indignity to Herr Hillebrand in comparing him to an historical character of greater notoriety, and also of greater intellectual and practical powers. He seems to have taken as his province the profession of going to and fro on the earth, and of walking up and down in it, and, when he finds himself in a given country, *il lui dit son fait*—which his prototype was a good deal too wary to do. The sense of a mission which he also has, and which his prototype was also much too sensible to have, attracts towards him sometimes dislike, but more frequently—and, on the whole, more justly—a good deal of ridicule. He shook the dust of Germany off his feet pretty early, but he has carried out his mission with regard to his native country in a manner which does not seem altogether to have recommended him to his countrymen. He has descended in a passing manner on England, and has done us the honour to read us lectures on our xenomania, the true character of our literary eminence, &c. These, when they were promulgated in this isle, raised inextinguishable laughter—due, doubtless, to ignorance—which rather drowned the sound of his predilections. He has of late established himself in Italy; and the Italians will, beyond question, one of these days have their history, present condition, and future fate expounded to them from the professorial chair of things in general to which Herr Hillebrand has elected himself by his own acclamation. But the major part of his observant faculties have been devoted to France, and the book now before us lays before English readers the result of his meditations on things and persons French. It has been noticed more or less cursorily in these columns in its other dresses; it deserves, perhaps, a fuller notice as it now presents itself, very well translated into English.

The plan which Herr Hillebrand has proposed to himself is tripartite. He gives his experience, and the opinions which he has drawn from that experience, and from the still more fertile source of his interior, in reference to social France, literary France, political France. He is most copious on the latter head; but his copiousness has to be reduced here by a sterner process than in either of the other cases. For Herr Hillebrand's book was written some three years ago; and the subsequent course of events, though it cannot be said to have rendered his political lucubrations altogether worthless, has decidedly flown in the face of them. Herr Hillebrand is apparently a Bonapartist-Orleanist, regarding M. Thiers as the last hope of France, and such representatives of M. Thiers as MM. Buffet and the Duke de Broglie as the second-best hopes now that M. Thiers was dead. France has neglected Herr Hillebrand, and has gone *tête baissée* into the system of government and policy most opposed to that which he favours. It does not, of course, follow that his review of her political position is valueless, but it ceases to possess for the time the great merit of actuality. Nevertheless, it has its interest. An acute, though ill-balanced and partially instructed, intellect manifests itself in all Herr Hillebrand's observations. Every now and then the acuteness gets the upper hand; every now and then the want of balance manifests itself most clearly. We shall not be suspected of regarding either M. Rochefort or M. Gambetta with undue favour; but a writer who in 1881 deliberately reproduces the following sentence, without qualification and without alteration, shows his fibre very clearly:—

It was at this time, too—1866—that the aristocratic *frondeurs* of the Liberal party smiled approvingly on the coarse attacks and indecent witticisms of a quibbling journalist called Henri Rochefort, and applauded the new so-called principle of irreconciliation, a clever invention of an obscure young lawyer named Gambetta, without ever considering that it is impossible to condescend to such alliances with impunity.

There is great wisdom in this remark, considered from one point of view; considered from another it can hardly be said

\* *France and the French.* By Karl Hillebrand. Translated from the German. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

to possess much. The opinion respecting the Ollivier Ministry which Herr Hillebrand afterwards expresses shows the secret of his inability to be a critic of politics. 'The four old parties,' he says, 'were represented in it by men of eminence.' Now, considering the fate which, according to the invariable experience of two entire centuries, waits on coalition Ministries, the mere fact which Herr Hillebrand mentions might have been sufficient to damn this particular Administration. On the other hand, when insight into the particular affairs of the moment is not required, Herr Hillebrand can sometimes write very justly. His comments on the revolution of September are excellent, and might be taken to heart somewhat further north than France:—

In Paris the solidarity of feeling between the country and the Government—I do not say the dynasty—is so completely lost that no one suspects it to be a cowardly or even a dishonourable act to desert a sovereign in the hour of misfortune, even when the misfortune has been brought about by the very men who desert him and who know that, had he been successful, they would have lauded him to the skies. . . . The curse of prolonged revolution is that it undermines every natural sentiment of generosity and devotion, and enables selfish passion and desire to prevail over the better part in man. . . . What matters country or national honour or the firm accord of rulers and ruled in evil times?

What, indeed? Another passage further on is an excellent expression of the wisdom which sometimes may be found in the most unpractical of politicians:—

General ideas and prejudiced opinions, a quantity of unverified catchwords, at best two or three principles of civil law, no knowledge of books, a certain amount of information gathered from reviews, and a vast deal of newspaper learning—such is the mental equipment of those who profess to govern a great Power like France and to represent her abroad.

Could not some of us narrate the fable with a slight change of name of other persons than the representatives of France? It is in these things—the general reflections of a man of some acuteness who has been for twenty years in actual contact with the things and persons of whom he writes that the value of Herr Hillebrand's contribution to the political history of France consists.

The social and literary parts of his work display rather different peculiarities. In the former, observation—unless the observer can be convicted of bad faith, of which there is no sign in Herr Hillebrand—is almost the first and last requirement which can be made of the witness. The author's general picture of French society and its characteristics is tolerably full, and, on the whole, very fair. In it, as in every picture of French society, the remarkable thriftiness of the Frenchman, and his tendency to *se caser*, has great prominence. But it is odd that Herr Hillebrand does not bring out, as he surely might have done, the dangerous support which this general tendency lends, as a question of reaction, to the revolutionary and Bohemian tendencies of the nation which have done and doubtless will do it so much harm. Nowhere are there so many regular steady-going persons as in France, nowhere also are there so many *refractaires* and *déclassés*. The latter are simply the complement of the former. In consequence of the almost caste-like delimitation of professions and classes which Herr Hillebrand duly mentions, a man who for any reason drops out of one becomes at once a pariah. Politics and literature are the only second strings possible in France, and the latter usually has to be taken to very young, while in England, and still more in America, men may box the compass of the professions without either losing chance or reputation. A noteworthy part of Herr Hillebrand's book is his account of French education, which is very full and on the whole very accurate. If he is anywhere unfair, it seems to us to be to the professors of the provincial faculties. It is true that their work is anomalous; that they are very badly paid; and that they are not, as a rule, recruited from the highest classes. But the admirable literary work which has constantly been produced by them, and especially in the shape of the doctoral theses, upon which he is especially severe, seems to redeem the class, as a class, from discredit. These monographs are not unknown in Germany as well as in France, and there too they have sometimes produced good work. But while the German academic monograph is too often a piece of mere collation, useful enough in its way to literature, but entirely devoid of the least original or literary merit, the doctoral theses of the Sorbonne for the last forty years include some of the best and soundest literary essays that Europe has had during that period.

In literary criticism proper, Herr Hillebrand comes woefully short. He is altogether the man of a *parti pris*. The eighteenth century, according to him, was the *ne plus ultra* of literature in France, England, and (towards its close and the beginning of the nineteenth) Germany. The last forty years have witnessed a terrible, at least a "serious loss of intellectual culture." From this point of view he judges everything. Labiche and Sardou are not to be named in comparison with (whom does the reader guess?) with Scribe. Théophile Gautier is "a fellow who has given himself an infinite deal of trouble to cut some badly-coloured bits of glass, and perhaps a couple of coloured pebbles into a thousand facets." Edmond About is a scribbler. If he can praise anything it is the later French criticism which includes "Montégut's depth of thought, Renan's delicate taste and unsurpassed art, Taine's bold application of method and rich colouring, Sarcey's open-minded and unprejudiced judgment, and Scherer's thorough knowledge and honest endeavour to see things as they are." The omission of M. Paul de St. Victor is noteworthy, and it is still more noteworthy that almost every one of the tickets except M. Emile Montégut's, whom for a German Herr Hillebrand is fairly qualified to judge, is singularly inappropriate. M. Renan's delicate taste, as applied to

Béranger, M. Taine's method, which leads him to fall back on a helpless "J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset que Tennyson," M. Sarcey's open-minded judgment of anything, no matter what, that he does not like, and M. Scherer's honest endeavour to see Baudelaire and Diderot as they are, compose a curious critical museum.

Herr Hillebrand's literary shortcomings, however, have been spoken of in these columns before, and need not be spoken of again at any length. His book is, on the whole, certainly an instructive one, because the testimony of a foreigner who has lived twenty years in actual contact with the life of any nation, not in a ghetto or a Leicester Square, is always instructive. It will add to the knowledge and correct some of the views of those who know France pretty well already. Whether it is altogether safe reading for those who have not the safeguard of previous knowledge is a point on which we should not like to pronounce by any means so decidedly. The author seems in a very curious way to have united the two chief defects of his original and his (for a long time) adopted country. He generalizes with the most perilous freedom, and he deduces with the most perilous fearlessness. He is thus rather an interesting person to watch in his evolutions from a distance than a safe guide in whose steps the blind and the lame may cheerfully tread.

JOHN INGLESANT.\*

WE are glad to see that an interesting and remarkable book has been rescued from a position in which it could not do itself justice. *John Inglesant* first appeared, about a year ago, at Birmingham, where a hundred copies were privately printed, mainly for circulation among the friends of the author. Even under these conditions it attracted a good deal of interest and attention beyond the circle for which it was originally designed. But it deserved a larger audience than could be thus secured to it, and its publication at the hands of Messrs. Macmillan will now give it that launch into the world with which in these days no book, however good, can dispense. As the work of a Birmingham manufacturer, *John Inglesant* represents a degree and type of cultivation in our great industrial towns worthy of notice on many grounds. Its academic calmness of tone and purity of style, the amount of antiquarian and historical knowledge displayed in it, together with its pervading philosophic and poetic interest, have little in common with what the general mind supposes to be the brisk, practical, and dogmatic temper of business life. It is perhaps too much to say, diffused as cultivation now is, that the book has a special claim to notice on the ground of the circumstances of its authorship and appearance; but, taken in connexion with its real merits, these circumstances are certainly not without interest and significance.

*John Inglesant* is an historical novel, of which the full title runs thus:—"Memoirs of the life of Mr. John Inglesant, sometime servant to King Charles I.; with an account of his birth, education and training by the Jesuits, and a particular relation of the secret services in which he was engaged, especially in connexion with the late Irish rebellion and with several other remarkable passages and occurrences; also a history of his religious doubts and experiences, and of the Molinists or Quietists in Italy, in which country he resided for many years, with an account of the election of the late Pope, and many other events and affairs." The book professes to be the mere collection of a series of papers relating to the life of a Royalist during the stirring times of the Civil Wars and the Commonwealth. It is not a novel in any proper sense. Mr. Shorthouse calls it a romance, perhaps in remembrance of Hawthorne, with whom it was a favourite title. The word seems to suggest to him, as it undoubtedly did to Hawthorne, a greater latitude of poetic and imaginative treatment than is ordinarily allowed by association to the novel proper. As in *Transformation*—Hawthorne's romance *par excellence*—so in *John Inglesant* the interest of the book lies in delicate study of character under romantic and unusual circumstances, while the glowing Italian landscape in which two-thirds of the story is framed was probably chosen for the same reasons as led Hawthorne to construct a kindred background against which to set the weird conception of Donatello. The subject of a romance, as Hawthorne understood the word, is addressed rather to the few than to the many, and appeals to a more subtle and unusual range of feelings than are ordinarily stirred by a novel. Therefore it may, and ought to be, clothed in a more highly-coloured and poetic form than tradition allows to the novel; it may, too, be more discursive. This, at any rate, seems to be the way in which Mr. Shorthouse has understood his title, and the reader who makes this plain to himself beforehand will be tolerant of the weakness he shows in some of the most necessary qualities of the novelist proper. The book has two themes, one artistic, the other argumentative and "apophical." The author's leading idea seems to have been to trace the effect of a great time of political and speculative ferment, such as was the seventeenth century in England, upon a sensitive, finely-wrought nature, deeply veined with religious mysticism, fervent, devout, tenacious, and yet crossed with a certain fatal feebleness, partly traceable to physical, partly to moral, causes. Mingled with and dependent upon this first theme is the second, which may be described as a defence of the Church of England, ideally conceived as the halfway-house and meeting-place of the religious and rationalizing instincts in man, against the great mother Church

\* *John Inglesant*. A Romance. London: Macmillan & Co.



of Rome, of which Inglesant is made at all times to feel the strange potency and force, and which he only escapes joining by an accident. The first theme, with its Hamlet-like intricacy and suggestiveness, has been, on the whole, admirably worked out by Mr. Shorthouse. The second has escaped in his hands from the commonplace which might have seemed inseparable from it and has inspired some of the most beautiful writing in the book. But it is not as closely knit to the character of John Inglesant as it should have been. It ought always to have been presented to us through the medium of Inglesant's personality, if it was to evade the objections so easily brought against the introduction of such a theme at all into a piece of high imaginative work. As it is, Inglesant's final declaration in favour of the Church of his birth takes us by surprise instead of developing itself naturally out of his past history, so that we are tempted to quarrel with the last page of the book as inconsistent and out of place, when taken by themselves they contain one of the most attractive descriptions ever written of the philosophical position of the Church of England. A little more thought and trouble might have avoided this, and produced a more perfect artistic whole.

John Inglesant is the grandson of one Richard Inglesant, to whom the suppressed Priory of Westacre had been assigned under Henry VIII., and whose mixed character with its opposing strains of scrupulosity and worldliness is very delicately sketched in the few pages which describe his entry upon the property of Westacre. Both he and his son, also Richard Inglesant, succeed in steering a safe course through the perilous days of Mary and Elizabeth, remaining Catholic at heart, but always conforming sufficiently to the prevailing régime to win the favour and disarm the suspicion of the party uppermost. Under Charles I. this Right Centre position wins for the second Richard Inglesant an unusual amount of influence upon politics. His house at Westacre becomes the shelter of the proscribed Catholic priests, and mass is secretly said at midnight in the Priory chapel, while at the same time he manages to stand well with the High Church party and the Court. His younger son is very early marked out by the men surrounding his father as a convenient instrument of diplomacy and intrigue. His meditative religious temper, his pliant imaginative intellect, become the prey of the Jesuit, Father St. Clare, then at the head of Catholic intrigue in England, who sees in the dreamy boy, with his passion for reverie and Platonic speculation, an admirable future agent in the expected drama of reconciliation between England and Rome, which is to be brought about by the combined action of the High Church, Royalist, and Catholic parties. John Inglesant accordingly grows up a member of the English Church, and as such allowed a much freer walk in speculative paths than is possible to a Catholic, but at the same time devoted both by temperament and habit to his Jesuit master. When he arrives at manhood, he is placed about the Court, and bidden to make it his business to become acquainted with men of all parties. The march of revolution, however, scatters into thin air the webs of intrigue upon which at one time so much had seemed to depend, and, while the Catholics are still debating whether they shall work through or against Laud, comes the execution of Strafford and the beginning of the end. Inglesant's life at Oxford with the Court is in many ways admirably described, though here as elsewhere there is an entire absence of humour, which, employed as Thackeray would have employed it, might have done good service in lighting up all the by-passages of the story. We find him present at Edgehill and Oropredy Bridge, and standing by Laud on the scaffold in his capacity of confidential agent alike of the King, the Catholics, and the Laudians. Then follows the account of Inglesant's share in the fatal negotiations with the Irish rebels, which is perhaps the most successful piece of narrative in the book. He is sent as the King's secret agent to Ireland, to hurry on and complete the negotiations between Glamorgan and the Irish Catholics for the despatch of an Irish contingent to the relief of Chester, then besieged by the Parliament. He goes, knowing that the scheme of letting loose the Irish rebels upon England will be regarded with horror even by the Royalists themselves, and that if it miscarries the King will disavow the whole plan and leave his agents, small and great, to bear the penalty. The plan of course does miscarry. Glamorgan is arrested in Dublin on a charge of treasonable conspiracy, the King deserts him, and Inglesant, falling into the hands of the Royalists at Chester, boldly disowns the King's own written commission, and, disgraced with Royalist and Roundhead alike, is given up to the Parliament.

To follow out the subsequent events in detail would take us too far afield. Inglesant's mock execution, his heroic loyalty to a faithless master, his suffering of mind and body under the position of infamy from which he is gradually rescued by the growth of a truer knowledge of the King's character and objects, are drawn with a skill and pathos beyond praise. When Inglesant finally emerges from the Tower, Charles I. is no more, and Inglesant's special work in England is gone. It may be noticed as remarkable under all the circumstances that Mr. Shorthouse's sympathies are decidedly Royalist. Charles's follies and weaknesses are made use of with unsparring effect; but in the description of both the King's inner nature and outward history, the reader is made to feel the "pity o' t'" more than anything else, and is led to regard his character and circumstances as double aspects of a relentless fate for which he is scarcely responsible.

A new departure in the book is reached in the murder of Inglesant's only brother, which occurs immediately after his release from the Tower. Thenceforward we find, thwarting the religious impulse, which, as the book proceeds, asserts itself more and

more in Inglesant's life and character, not only the old inherited weakness of will and conscience, but a new force of revengeful passion, complicated besides with physical injury resulting from a sabre-cut on the head in one of the Civil War skirmishes. The scene of the story is transferred to France and Italy. Inglesant, still nominally the agent and protégé of the Jesuits, wanders from place to place, driven on the one hand by the hunger for ideal good which had sprung up in him in his Plato-worshipping youth, and on the other by the hope of finding and destroying his brother's murderer. In the course of his journeyings he is brought across men and cliques who represent the central continental influences, just as in England he had been brought across men and cliques representing the main currents of English thought and society. He falls in love and marries a shadowy being with a merely shadowy relation to him; he assists at a Papal conclave; and finally, on a morning ride over the Apennines, he meets the murderer of his brother face to face, and, driven by the murderer's appeal to the holiest names to forego the vengeance he has been so long planning, hands him over to the unalterable Divine vengeance in a passage full of exquisite force and beauty. A description of the plague in Naples, and of Inglesant's share in the attempt of Molinos and his followers to plant Quietist principles in Rome, winds up the Italian section; and in a concluding letter, supposed to be written some years afterwards by a chance acquaintance, we are allowed a glimpse into Inglesant's later life in England under the Restoration, and into his opinions on the then burning questions of the rival claims of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and the vital religious facts underlying and determining them.

Such are the main outlines of a book which can claim but very little on the score of construction, as we commonly understand construction in a novel. The plot of the whole latter half drags, and is hindered and confused by episodes, some of them interesting, others pointless and tedious. The turning-point of this part—the moment when Inglesant first gains direct information of the murderer Malvolti—is slurred over in a singularly careless and ineffective manner; the incident introduced often wants edge and shape, and the stray characters, of which there are too many, are far too apt to talk in the same key and phraseology. There is no female character in the book of real importance. Mary Collett is a beautiful sketch, successful because it has a definite place in what we may call the inner plot of the book for which Inglesant's character and motives provide the material. But Lauretta, who, properly developed, might have given life and form to the latter portion of the story after Mary Collett's death, is neither a beautiful nor an effective sketch, and Inglesant's relations to her—which with such a man would have been intense in themselves, and important in their influence upon his development—are scarcely thought out at all. Here is the great failure of the book as a study of life. We have compared it with *Transformation*. The characters of Mary Collett and Lauretta, as well as some others—notably that of the Jesuit, Father St. Clare, who recalls Father Holt—lead one to compare it with *Esmond*. Beside the brilliancy and finish of the two great pictures in *Esmond*—Lady Castlewood and Beatrix—the whole character-drawing of *John Inglesant*, outside the character of Inglesant himself, appears flat and tame. But the book must be judged on what it gives rather than on what it withholds; and if it had much less to offer than it has, much less charm of style and description, and many fewer pathetic and touching incidents, the character of John Inglesant alone would win for it a sympathetic circle of readers. In the creation of this character, at once weak and dignified, pleasure-loving and ascetic, Mr. Shorthouse has shown great knowledge of many of the deeper and less commonly analysed forces of human thought and feeling, and an unflinching tact and skillfulness in describing them. The mystical element in the book might easily have been carried too far. As it is, he has never allowed it to jar upon the reader, while it gives warmth and colour to what would otherwise have been dry philosophical discussion. The book in fact seems to embody in artistic form, views and ideas well known to those who are conversant with what one may call, for want of a better phrase, academic High Churchism. The peculiar religious tone and temper which belonged to the finer and more poetical minds in the Tractarian movement, and which is still noticeable among us both within and without our Universities, finds here delicate and beautiful interpretation.

#### EGYPT, ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

A HISTORY of ancient Egypt, and an account of its antiquities, especially such an account as should present to the reader's eye as well as his mind a complete picture of the manners, arts, and religion of that extraordinary people, was a want which had long existed, and which Canon Rawlinson has at length worthily satisfied. The land of Egypt plays so important a part in sacred and profane story, and its civilization is so ancient that it possesses an interest quite apart from and beyond that which attaches to any other land. Another great claim which it has upon our consideration is its connexion with the incidents and scenes of

\* *History of Ancient Egypt*. By George Rawlinson, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

*Egypt*. By Stanley Lane-Poole. "Foreign Countries Series." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

sacred history, and this it owes almost exclusively to its geographical situation. The desert of et Tih, "the wilderness of the wanderings," separates Egypt from that strip of fertile land, Palestine and Syria, which intervenes between the Eastern Mediterranean and the Syrian desert, where she encountered in turn her doughty enemies the Emim, Rephaim, Philistines, Canaanites, Israelites, Hittites, and Jews, who disputed with her the road to the broader and richer regions of Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Asia Minor, the seats of civilizations as ancient, and of wealth as great, as her own. For twenty centuries the struggle went on between Egypt and her Syrian, Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian rivals, and Palestine was ever the highway which her forces traversed, and the Euphrates at Carchemish the field on which they tried their strength. Of these struggles Canon Rawlinson tells the history in a succinct and pleasant style. The work opens with an exhaustive description of the physical geography of the country, as well as of its animal, vegetable, and mineral products, together with a well-written and scientific account of its ethnology. The prevalent idea that the Egyptians were originally a colony from Ethiopia is refuted by the fact that they have none of the peculiarities of African tribes, their hair being straight and not woolly, and their complexion dark, but red rather than black, while their features, though neither Arab nor Syrian, bear a certain resemblance to both these types. The monuments also afford another proof that the immigration of the ancient Egyptians was from Asia, and not from the south, the most ancient temples and pyramids being found in the north. Although inferior to the great European races who succeeded to their empire and superiority, they possessed high intellectual powers, and cultivated literature, science, and philosophy at a very early period, while in art, and especially in architecture, they reached a very high point of excellence. They were not wanting in manliness and military spirit, but (they were too much addicted to luxurious living and sensual indulgences.

The language of ancient Egypt was "an agglutinate monosyllabic form of speech," presenting analogies both with Turanian and Semitic tongues, the Semitic element, however, predominating; the Coptic is its legitimate descendant, and, although a dead language now, continued to be spoken in the Nile Valley until the seventeenth century. It was mainly through the means of Coptic that such accurate and certain results have been obtained from the investigation of the ancient records. Of the language and the hieroglyphic writing, as well as of the more cursive hieratic and demotic hands, the reader will find in the work under notice a very clear and practical account, freeing the subject from the many technical difficulties which surround it, and smoothing the way for a study of the monuments themselves.

Equally interesting is the account given us of the literature of old Egypt which has been preserved in these ancient documents. The history, whether as recorded on the monuments or written in books, was stilted and uninteresting in style, although of course bristling with facts of the intensest interest; poetry was more advanced, and was, like that of the Hebrews, chiefly characterized by its delighting in parallelisms and antitheses, while it was superior to the latter in its rhythmical arrangement. Romances, travels, and collections or models of epistolary correspondence are also found in abundance; but they are almost childish in their simplicity. One marked feature in the more highflown Egyptian compositions was the arbitrary and frequent change of person employed; and this peculiarity, it is curious to note, is also of frequent occurrence in the Koran. Books on geography, astronomy, astrology, magic, calendars, catalogues of libraries, &c., are found in large numbers, so that the materials for compiling an exhaustive account of the people and their civilization are sufficiently ample; but, looking at the cryptic character of the documents in which they are enshrined, we cannot be too grateful for so popular and scholarlike an epitome of the facts as these volumes afford. Examples are given of the most important of these various styles of composition, and very curious and interesting reading they make. The account of the agriculture, products, and revenue of Egypt under the Pharaohs is instructive, especially at the present time, as giving an idea of the immense capabilities of development which the resources of the country possess. The chapter on architecture will also be read with interest, and the description of the construction and scope of the pyramids, obelisks, and temples leaves nothing to be desired. The British Museum contains enough specimens of the different types of Egyptian statues and statuettes and pictures to enable us to judge of the progress which the ancient people had made in sculpture and painting, but the student, as well as the artist, will be grateful for the excellently drawn and arranged illustrations of this subject with which the author furnishes us.

The religion of Egypt and its relation to that of the Jews, as well as to the various pagan cults of the old world, is one of the most absorbing studies connected with the investigation of the ancient monumental records and papyrus documents. The Egyptians were profoundly religious, and the devotion of the people was the one thing which made the greatest impression upon Herodotus when, in the middle of the fifth century before Christ, he visited the country and gave to the world the most entertaining and most instructive work which has ever perhaps been written. The temple was the most prominent building and the centre of life in every Egyptian city:—

A perpetual ceremonial of the richest kind went on within its walls, along its shady corridors, or through its sunlit courts; long processions made their way up and down its avenues of sphinxes; incense floated in

the air; strains of music resounded without pause; all that was brightest and most costly met the eye on every side; and the love of spectacle, if not deep religious feeling, drew to the sanctuary a continual crowd of worshippers or spectators, consisting partly of strangers, but mainly of the native inhabitants, to whom the ceremonies of their own dear temple, their pride and their joy, furnished a perpetual delightful entertainment. At times the temple limits were over-passed, and the sacred processions were carried through the streets of the town, attracting the gaze of all; or, embarking on the waters of the Nile or of some canal derived from it, glided with stately motion between the houses on either side, a fairer and brighter sight than ever.

Nor was the influence of religion confined to the outer life of the people, it permeated their whole being; literature and science were little more than branches of theology, arts were but subservient to the glorification of some god, and sacerdotal regulations prevailed in even the smallest details of daily life. The religion of Egypt, like that of most of the nations of the ancient world, presented two phases—an exoteric aspect, as it appeared to the outside world and the common people, and an esoteric one, which it wore to the initiated and learned. The first was a polytheism, or rather an animal worship of the grossest character; the other was a system of strict monotheism, intimately bound up with philosophical speculations upon the nature of God and the destiny of man. The gods of the popular mythology personified the various powers and operations of nature, but were recognized by the illuminati as the attributes of the one indivisible, creative, preservative, and destructive power. Such, at least, is Canon Rawlinson's charitable conclusion, supported by strong arguments deduced from facts and analogy; but we must confess that a perusal of his pages on the mythology of the Egyptians leaves a strong impression on our mind that they were, after all, irreclaimable pagans; and, however prettily they might theorize, stuck to their direct worship of stocks and stones and cats and dogs with as much secret, though real, attachment as does the Jamaica "nigger," who, after fifty years of exemplary life as the deacon of a Methodist congregation, dies with an Obi fetish hung round his neck. But certain it is that they had evolved what is, after all, the most important worldly function of religion—namely, a code of political and domestic morality which was far in advance of other peoples of antiquity. One advantage, however, of reading Professor Rawlinson's minute account of this religion will be to remove the prevalent notion, of which sceptical writers are so fond of taking advantage, that the Mosaic Commandments and the doctrine of the Trinity are directly borrowed from Egyptian sources. The origin of the animal worship has been the subject of the most conflicting speculations; and the author appears to us to have taken the most sensible and likely view of the matter when he attributes it to the exaggerated symbolism which began by tracing in certain animals resemblances to certain attributes of the divine nature, and proceeded at length to assign to various Deities the heads of these animals and even their entire forms. Like most ancient cults the religion had a grossly indecent as well as a gloomy superstitious side; yet on the whole it appears to contrast favourably with other forms of paganism. The subject of the Egyptian mysteries is an extremely attractive one; but Canon Rawlinson candidly informs us that there is nothing authoritative to be said upon the subject, and wisely abstains from mere speculation.

We have not space to do more than refer to the admirable description of the manners and customs of the Egyptians, their arts, trades, amusements, and other occupations; suffice it to say that it forms not only a valuable ethnological study, but a trustworthy explanatory guide-book to the pictorial representations found upon the walls of the ancient tombs and temples in the Nile valley and now familiar to all through museums and books.

The second volume, which deals with the actual history of the people, is in no way inferior in interest to the first. The chronology is, and always has been, an initial difficulty in the matter, and, even with the researches of later times to guide him, the historian can speak with but little certainty about the order and date of the Kings of Egypt whose names have come down to us. The history seems, however, to divide itself into three great divisions—the "Old Empire" of Manetho, which is the oldest presentation of civilised man which the world contains, and much of it certainly anterior to Abraham; the Middle Empire begins about B.C. 1840, lasting for two hundred years; and the "New Empire," beginning at B.C. 1640, comes, after the Twenty-second Dynasty, upon the field of exact and well-ascertained dates.

Of course the chief points of interest in this part of the work for European readers will always be those where it comes into contact with the familiar history of the Bible. The story of Joseph, the Exodus of Israel, and the invasions of Palestine will always form the most attractive portions of the narrative. The conquest of Egypt by the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, who seem to have been principally Canaanites, with a preponderance of Hittites among them, was the first act in the drama. After devastating the country, and committing great havoc among its monumental and literary records, they gradually adapted themselves to Egyptian institutions, and at length laid the foundation of a new and prosperous empire. Apepi, the last monarch of the dynasty, is supposed to have been the Pharaoh of Joseph. With the accession of the native king, who drove out the Hyksos, the troubles of the "Shepherd" immigrants, now naturalized in Egypt, began, and culminated in the oppressions with which we are so familiar, and in the Exodus, which was to prove so important an epoch in the history of the



world. The version of this and the other incidents which bring Egyptian story in absolute contact with the Bible narrative may be studied with great advantage in Canon Rawlinson's pages, where all the facts which modern research has brought to light are clearly and impartially set before the reader. As a specimen of the mass of miscellaneous and amusing facts which these volumes contain, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the description of the discovery of a plot against the life or crown of Rameses III., and the punishment of the criminals, the men being condemned to the Japanese punishment of death by their own hand, and one of the women conspirators of high rank being sentenced to keep a beer-house by way of penal servitude. The *History of Ancient Egypt* is a work of great erudition and of profound and well-sustained interest.

To those who require a handbook to Egypt, as it is at the present day, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole's little work will be very welcome. It is a clearly-written account of the geography and physical aspects of the people and their daily life, and of the modern history, economics, and administration of the country. Although wanting in that graphic character which personal acquaintance with the scenery and surroundings alone can give, it is a useful and meritorious compilation.

#### THE SONNETS OF CAMOENS.\*

THE *Sonnetos* of Camoens, after having been comparatively neglected in favour of his famous epic, have found in our own days a careful and judicious commentator in the Visconde de Juromenha, who has edited them all, to the number of two hundred and fifty-two. They are the principal compositions of their kind in the Portuguese language, for since the sixteenth century no really important lyricist has arisen in Portugal; and the sonnets of Ferreira, which preceded those of Camoens, and have sometimes been compared with them, are altogether too harsh and pedantic to support the comparison. It is therefore to the general literature of Europe that we must go for a parallel to these poems, which may roughly be said to hold the same relation to the sonnets of the Italians as is held by those of Spenser and the pre-Shakespearean sonneteers. There is the same intellectual bondage to certain laws of pastoral diction and an elaborate artificial system of courtship, curiously mingled with the same occasional outbreaks of rebellion against that bondage. Camoens, who is as far from the rosy classicism of Ronsard, on the one hand, as he is from the profundity of Campanella or the religious eroticism of Redi on the other, is really more closely allied to Spenser as a sonneteer than to any other European poet, and there is not in these formal compositions scope for those peculiarities of individual style which make the *Lusiads* so unlike the *Fairy Queen*. The great Portuguese poet's epic is certainly a more vigorous poem than the allegory of his English contemporary; it is more breezy and spirited, and a larger conception of life moves in its heroic pages. At the same time the lover of poetry pure and simple, the man who likes to forget the world and all its cares, will turn to Spenser with more enthusiasm than to Camoens, since to Spenser, first among European poets, was revealed the dogma that has enabled poetry to live in the charged atmosphere of modern life, and which Keats has put into immortal words:—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—this is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

In his sonnets Camoens comes much nearer to that Spenser who was so pre-eminently the lover of natural beauty, while Spenser, curiously enough, in his sonnets, approaches what was dry and mannered in the Southern poetry of his generation. A deep sincerity, a tender *nostalgia* after love and home, a glowing patriotism, give life and interest to a great number of those quatorzains with which, as Wordsworth says, "Camoens soothed an exile's grief." The Portuguese language, the fluency and sonorousness of which have been snares in the path of lesser writers, attains a wonderful smoothness and fulness on the lips of this great master of language, and most of his sonnets are distinguished as much by their melody as by their serene and limpid expression.

Mr. Aubertin, who is the author of the best existing English translation of the *Lusiads*, and whom long official residence in Portugal has made a master of the niceties of the rather difficult language, has not attempted to translate all the 252 sonnets, but has selected seventy from among the number. His version is, on the whole, interesting and accomplished; if he fails, it is mostly in seizing the subtle shades of meaning that give value to the original. For instance, in translating the exceedingly touching sonnet on the death of the lady whom Camoens loved in India, and who was drowned, Mr. Aubertin translates

Eternamente as águas logrão  
A tua peregrina formosura,

by

The waters in their cold embrace shall bind  
For evermore thy rarest cynosure,

where "cynosure" seems to us an affected word out of place in this connexion, and where the delicate meaning of "peregrina formosura," a beauty at once unusual and exotic, is lost. On the other hand, Mr. Aubertin is sometimes extremely happy in render-

ing those curiously blunt ingenuities which are characteristic of Camoens, as where he translates

Oh subtil invenção para seu dano

by

O stratagem to his own prejudice,

than which nothing could be better.

But it is time to give an instance of Mr. Aubertin's powers in an entire sonnet, and we turn, therefore, to his rendering of what is perhaps the grandest of the whole series, that written by Camoens, with an unusual majesty of expression, when the bones of King John III. were removed in 1572 to the Monastery of Belem. We will first quote the Portuguese original, that our readers may form some idea of its singular dignity and melody:—

Quem jaz no grão sepulchro, que descreve  
Tão illustres signaes no forte escudo?  
Ninguém; que nisso, em fim se torna tudo:  
Mas foi quem tudo pôde e tudo teve:  
Foi Rei? Fez tudo quanto a Rei se deve:  
Poz na guerra e na paz devido estudo.  
Mas quão pezado foi ao Mouro rudo,  
Tanto lhe seja agora a terra leve.  
Alexandro será? Ninguém se engane:  
Mais que o adquirir, o sustentar estima.  
Será Hadriano grão Senhor do mundo?  
Mais observante foi da Lei de cima.  
He Numa? Numa não, mas he Joane  
De Portugal Terceiro sem segundo.

Mr. Aubertin's version is as follows:—

Who lies in this great sepulchre that shows  
Signs so illustrious on the valiant shield?  
No one; for to this end all things must yield:  
But he did all and could all: as he chose.  
A King? he wrought what King to self King owes:  
He studied arts of peace and of the field:  
Heavily as the rude Moor's fate he sealed,  
So lightly on him now may earth repose!  
Is't Alexander? you mistake the man:  
Rather he loved to keep to an to acquire.  
Is it the world's great master, Hadrian?  
He held the sacred law of Heaven far higher.  
Numa? It is not Numa, it is John  
Of Portugal, the Third: second to none.

This is certainly a conscientious attempt to give the original phrase for phrase, and it is not unskillfully performed, especially towards the end; but "he wrought what King to self King owes" is a terribly awkward and almost unintelligible way of saying "he did all that a King owes it to himself to do," and "without a second" is a very different thing from "second to none."

A more favourable example of Mr. Aubertin's skill may be given in the version of one of the amorous sonnets in which, under the poetical name of Liso, Camoens seems to lament the unfaithfulness of one of those pastoral loves with which he tried to solace himself after the death of Catarina de Athaide. It is at least only humane to suppose that the "Senhora minha," whose unkindness is here so bitterly deprecated, is not the same as that lady whose tomb at Cintra has attracted so many worshippers as the sepulchre of the very Phoenix of fidelity:—

The swan, when feeling that its hour is o'er,  
And that the moment's come when it must die,  
Lifts saddest voice and sweetest harmony,  
Along the lone and solitary shore:  
Desires its life prolonged a little more,  
And leaving its existence with a sigh,  
And fondest longing of a last good-bye,  
Doth this sad journey's coming close deplore.  
E'en thus, my Fair, when I was doomed to see  
The mournful end that all my loves befell,  
While on the last remaining point I strove,  
With all my sweetest song and harmony  
Upon thy cold unkindness did I dwell,  
On all thy treacherous faith and on my love.

In his preface, which is rather wordy and tedious, Mr. Aubertin shows that he is a better translator than critic. Instead of giving us some bibliographical or historical account of the sonnets of Camoens, he diverges into a rambling disquisition on the sonnet in general, which he treats in a manner that we fondly hoped had become antiquated. Being a good translator, he has not ventured, except in one or two instances, to alter the sequence of Camoens's rhymes; but he groans aloud over the vexations of the task. Moreover, he seems to have employed an amanuensis who played to him the same part as was played by the ingenuous little boy in Andersen's story of "The Emperor's New Clothes." He and his learned friends were all bowing down before the imaginary beauty of Camoens's regular sonnet-form, when this fresh child of nature exclaimed, "They all seem to finish before one has got to the real end of them." The scales immediately fell from Mr. Aubertin's eyes, and it was revealed to him that the ear of the natural man demands a couplet at the end of a sonnet. A "delicate adagio conclusion" is all very well, but the melody is really incomplete without the "hammer of the coda." Like the oratory of Agib, Prince of Tartary, "this is pretty, but we don't know what it means," and, judged simply as criticism, it seems to us remarkably poor. In point of fact, while Mr. Aubertin has been listening to his amanuensis, and getting into a tangle with adagios and codas, he has missed a very pretty opportunity of discoursing profitably to us on the sonnet. For it would be difficult to find a better text on which to preach a sermon on this subject than the practice of Camoens, who hits a happy mean between the rigid inflexibility of the Petrarchans and the laxity

\* *Seventy Sonnets of Camoens; with Original Poems.* By J. J. Aubertin. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

and positive error of the Elizabethans. If any one wants to know how sonnets should be composed, from a technical point of view, let him go to Camoens; he cannot find a better master. The great principle on which the normal sonnet is constructed is this—an advance uphill in dignified array for eight lines, and then a retreat downhill, more at ease, for six lines. The octett is a rigid form not to be tampered with; its rhymes are two, and in every case must be arranged *abba, abba*. But the sestett need by no means be so exact in the distribution of its rhymes; after “swelling proudly,” as Keats says, up to its climax, it may retire in some measure of elegant disarray, without losing its character as a regular form. Camoens, whose octettas are without variation, gives himself this license in the sestett, altering the order of rhymes with subtle art in accordance with the feeling to be expressed. His most usual arrangement, for pastoral and amatory sonnets, is *cde, cde*; in some cases a fuller and more melancholy music is secured by the more frequent rhyme, *cde, ded*, or even, though this is very rare, *cde, cdc*. In no single instance does he permit himself to use a couplet at the end, and to the student of poetic form his sonnets are particularly interesting, because they are in every case regular, without being unreasonably rigid. We speak with confidence of a certain form of sonnet being “regular” or “normal”; we do not on that account deny that an abnormal or irregular sonnet may be an exceedingly beautiful poem, but we wish to protest against the fatuous criticism which says that because “Bright Star, would I were as steadfast as thou art” is a very exquisite poem, there is no such thing as an irregular sonnet.

#### THE LYRICAL DRAMA.\*

IN the estimation of the public in general the production of a successful opera ought to be the highest object of a composer's ambition; and, taking the civilized world all round, it is the kind of musical entertainment out of which people suppose themselves to get the greatest amount of enjoyment. In this country, however, up to the last few years, no very great amount of attention has been paid to the quality of the music except as regards its fitness for showing off Italian or Italian-taught singers. The audiences, proud of their expensive exotic, and saved thereby from being bored with what was not good, were not driven to inquire after what was so, or what made one work differ from another in glory. But in the last few years art has begun to receive more serious attention. A certain number of people who are more alive than their fellows have grown insensibly to feel the irksomeness of the monotonous void of star performances, and have been driven to inquire into the causes of their dissatisfaction. Many really musical people are rarely to be seen within the walls of either Italian opera-house from year's end to year's end, because when they go they have to submit to so much that is objectionable that even the rare offer of an interesting work can hardly surmount the distaste which has been forced upon them. This, of course, must appear a singular anomaly, and among apologies for opinions extorted from wise men by the vulgar, and much chatter among little artistic sets, and frequent hints at questions and theories in literature of all sorts, the public gets wind of artistic problems, and grows to a certain extent insensibly wiser. But wisdom does not grow upon the hedgerows, and so it happens that these ideas which float about and get hinted at here and there want the patience and devotion of some capable person to put them into intelligible and consecutive order, and to make the public, who are not by any means really unwilling, see clearly where before was nothing but dim glimmerings, which might possibly be will-of-the-wisps. It is, indeed, a most favourable opportunity for such a work; for the searchers after facts have accumulated an enormous amount of varied and particular information, which almost cries out to be sorted and made fruitful; and the subject is certainly one which people at the present day are quite ready for, while it has in itself elements of remarkable human interest, which only need moderate experience and a good head to turn to serious and most satisfactory account.

In these circumstances, the appearance of a work called *The Lyrical Drama* must be welcome to numbers of anxious, and yet uncertain, lovers of art. The very title looks suggestive; as if the writer had considered that the word opera, for all its great associations and connotations, was, after all, not quite adequate to express all that is wanted to come under it. The first chapter, called “Operatic Origins,” looks equally promising, for it suggests going to the root of the matter. Reading a few pages gives the impression that the style is light and chatty, but that there is evidently a good deal of information at the back of it. People who do not know anything at all will be possibly wiser for the writer's expressing his dissent from the students who believe that Greek plays were forerunners and counterparts of modern opera. They will also be struck by the fact that the story of Orpheus has had great fascination for composers, from Poliziano, in the fifteenth century, to Peri and Monteverde a little later, on to Gluck, and so down (in both senses) to Offenbach; but perhaps in that respect they will not be much the wiser. It certainly is desirable that they should know that Venice held a very remarkable position in relation to the earliest attempts at

modern opera, and they might with advantage know more than they will extract from the present chapter. They will be struck with Lully's being called “an Italian scullion and violinist,” and with the exceptional privileges accorded to him by Louis XIV., which probably resulted in the removal of his rival Cambert to England, who, arriving there with his own opera, *Ariane*, in his pocket, got it performed, and thereby gave a notable spur to such entertainments. Readers of Pepys will be pleased to come across the familiar *Siege of Rhodes*, and students of humanity will be interested to read that Cromwell and the Puritans allowed opera when they forbade all other dramatic representations, because they considered that the public of that day, like that of the present, when it went to hear Italian opera, would not be able to understand what it heard. All this is a sort of light skirmishing which is very readable, and might be taken hopefully to be intended to put the reader in a good humour for more solid matter to come. But the next chapter is evidently a parenthesis. It is called “The History of Her Majesty's Theatre,” and is confined to less than three pages. Information is given about the said theatre's being called “The King's” at one time and “The Queen's” at another; and we are told the name of the architect from whose designs it was rebuilt in 1790, after one experience of burning down. There are also remarks about Handel being a practical man of business, and about his organization of Italian opera; but the whole thing does not seem to be much to the point. The next chapter is about Covent Garden Theatre; but firstly and at some length about Mr. Frederick Gye, and the London Genuine Tea Company, and the handsome saloon they had and who went there; and how Mr. Gye came to be associated with the Italian Opera. This appears to be mostly parenthesis also; and even when it comes to mentioning the names of singers and of works performed, and how they were puffed, and so on, the best that can be said is that such information might be serviceable in a big work of reference on the London stage.

The next chapter looks as if it would go nearer the mark; for it deals with subjects for opera, and explains a little how Wagner prefers legendary and mythical subjects because their types are of most universal significance; and shows how composers who aim high have been attracted by such legends as Faust, Der Freischütz, Robert the Devil, the Wandering Jew, and the Flying Dutchman. There is also a long digression giving Goethe's views of a possible dramatic development of the legend of the Wandering Jew; but the main object of the chapter is to lead up to a full consideration of the Don Juan and the Faust legends. To the former, a third of the entire first volume is devoted; accounts of various forms of the story and its spread from one nation to another are vivaciously told, with more light skirmishing into stories such as that of the young man who married Venus's statue by mistake, and that of St. Nicholas and the King of Africa's treasure. The accounts of the first Spanish play by Tirso de Molina, and of Torelli's burlesque of Giliberti's *Convitato di Pietra* are very amusing, though they may be a little irregular; the same may be said of the consideration given to Molière's *Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre*, and the criticisms upon Sir Aston Cokain's wretched *Tragedy of Ovid*. It is left singularly enough to Hoffmann to deal with Mozart's *Don Juan*, and the chapter which treats of that central matter is a free translation of a part of one of the “Fantasiestücke,” which is poetical and fanciful, but cannot be taken to represent the views of the writer of *The Lyrical Drama*, or to be very closely to the point. The next chapter consists of fifteen lines by the author, and a quotation of several pages from Alfred de Musset's *Namouna*, and the end of the whole matter is a chapter on some of the Russian Poushkin's compositions in dialogue, founded severally on the fable of Salieri's having poisoned Mozart, and studies of Faust's possible condition after the death of Margaret, and fresh views of Don Juan; but as Salieri gets most attention it is as parenthetical as ever. The story of Faust is wrapped about with infinity of interest, and a certain amount of advantage is taken of the fact in the chapters which follow. It is true that such things have little immediate bearing on the Lyrical Drama, but still the matter is very amusing. An instance of this is the notice of the John Faust who was Professor of Magic at Cracow, whom also Melancthon knew and described as “turpissima bestia et cloaca multorum diabolorum.” Yet more amusing is the story of the Polish Faust called Twardowski, of whom it is told that he sold his soul to the devil, and acquired the right to make three demands of him, and that, after having had his fling and made two of his demands, his third was that the devil should marry Mme. Twardowski; whereupon the devil, being sufficiently acquainted with Mme. Twardowski, preferred to retire from the compact, and let Twardowski go to heaven his own way. Readers of Thackeray's *Paris Sketch-Book* will remember in this connexion the story of Simon Gambouge. Of such out-of-the-way stories and amusing trifles there is plenty, and it certainly has a tendency to reconcile one to the fact that, as far as concerns the Lyrical Drama, the book is more and more hopeless. Gounod's *Faust* comes in for a little notice, and the chapter ends with a dissertation on the versions of the part of Marguerite given by Mmes. Nilsson and Lucca. From this point a leap is made at an impossible angle into *The Flying Dutchman*. It is at least gratifying that large consideration should be given to that very admirable *Lyrical Drama*, which, like many really enjoyable works, is far too rarely performed in this country. The appreciation shown for the dramatic and poetic elements is also most welcome, and may

\* *The Lyrical Drama: Essays on Subjects, Composers, and Executants of Modern Opera.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co.



perhaps counterbalance the rather superfluously long quotation from an "impressive version" of the story in a number of *Blackwood's Magazine* of 1821, which occupies half the entire chapter. *Tannhäuser* comes next under consideration; and in respect of this again the writer shows great appreciation of dramatic effect, and commits himself to the criticism that in this work "Herr Wagner's poverty as an inventor of melodies is shown very conspicuously," which is perhaps more a matter of individual feeling than of ascertained certainty. Precisely the same remarks apply to the dissertation on *Lohengrin* which follows. Elsa and Lohengrin are said to be "the two most poetical figures of the modern stage," which is gratifyingly appreciative, and objection is made to the utterances of Telramund and Ortruda, which from the musical dramatic point of view may be doubtful.

From this point the writer goes backwards, like Hamlet's crab, and takes up *Robert the Devil* and certain others of Meyerbeer's operas, which are described and appreciated, with incidental information about the singers who have appeared in them, and the source of the plots, and so forth, which is not highly important, and should certainly have come before Wagner in any consistent and orderly work. The same process is gone through with Verdi, and with Rossini and some of his works, and so on through notices of works of Donizetti, Bellini, Thomas, Bizet, and Flotow; containing a good deal of information which is of no great importance, and giving rise at last to wonder as to what has become of such works as Gluck's *Orphée et Eurydice*, and *Alceste*, and others, of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, of Cherubini's *Medea and Deux Journées*, of Auber's *Masaniello*, not to speak of *Fidelio*, or *Oberon*, or of *The Meistersinger*, or even of *Mefistofele*, and the last crux of the pseudo-purists, *Tristan and Isolde*. In fact, from this point the matter of Lyrical Drama appears to be almost given up as hopeless. There is a sort of burlesque account of some experiences of impresarios, a chapter devoted mainly to the question whether Mr. Washburne, late Secretary of the American Legation in Paris, was justified in using his advantageous position to advertise for a "first class, bareback, male and female rider" for the "Great American Circus, Paris," &c. And in this manner the subjects of the chapters go darting about in perfectly irresponsible freedom, with occasional returns somewhere in the direction of the drama—as, for instance, in a chapter on theatrical anomalies and amusing stage accidents and incidents. In another chapter the author takes upon himself to chastise justly the errors and absurdities of Ouida and of the author of *Music and Morals*, together with other writers of more dignity and less presumption. Dictionaries of music follow, under which head the question is discussed as to whether Rousseau did really write *Le Devin du Village*, while a tribute is paid to the literary qualities of the famous *Encyclopédie*. Mr. Grove's Dictionary comes in for special and favourable consideration; and there follows something about classical chamber music, for which the author does not appear really to have much appreciation, and a little again about the reasonableness of opera.

The last two chapters go as clear away from the subject as can be. One is an amusing account of the author's visit to Tatras Füred, a little Hungarian watering-place at the foot of the Carpathians, at the end of which a few words are said about his having heard some Hungarian players trying to learn parts of *Il Trovatore* by ear; and the last of all gives some chatty accounts of absurd examples of misprints, translator's mistakes, ingenuities of intentional plagiarism, and such trifles.

Taking it all round this is one of the most bewildering books a man could wish to come across. Seeing a title which promises "volumes," and having no preface to explain its reason for existence, the hopeful reader plunges into a labyrinth of mostly disconnected and even unassimilable chapters; and these are not merely disconnected one with another, but go wandering about in themselves, touching airily and lightly on all sorts of out-of-the-way and sometimes quite superfluous information; while, worst of all, the author does not anywhere attempt to deal with the most interesting questions which the name of the book suggests. On the other hand, the volumes must be confessed to be full of amusing and brightly told anecdotes, and a great deal of genial appreciativeness, which is, however, rather of poetry and drama than of what is really valuable and highly enjoyable in music; and if this can save people from the feeling that they have been a little bit hoaxed by the title, it is somewhat of an achievement. A genial Irishman once said that he had written a letter which was all parenthesis. To achieve two volumes on the same principle would, indeed, be a triumph of art; and the present collection of items may come as near to this as a man may hope for. Otherwise it might have been better to call the collection "Chapters in Zigzag," and to add a little preface to explain where they came from.

#### HOW I CROSSED AFRICA.\*

MAJOR SERPA PINTO'S account of Africa is equally interesting to the geographer, the ethnologist, and the general reader who likes plenty of adventure. It is, we confess, the adventures and the ethnology of *How I Crossed Africa*, rather than the exploration of the affluents of the Zambesi, which have interested ourselves. Major Serpa Pinto, a Portu-

guese cavalry officer, whom the singular attraction of Africa mastered and led from Loanda to the Zambesi, and so due south to the Transvaal, is a writer and adventurer of the fearless old sort. His book, as he modestly observes, makes no great literary pretensions. The author has extracted what he deemed most valuable from his notebooks and diaries. He has not encumbered his book with so much unnecessary detail as many African travellers have offered to the public. When a man's only friend (except a pet goat, which one day devoured a fetiche) is his diary, he is apt to confide rather copiously in that companion. And, when it comes to publishing, he naturally dislikes the task of abridging his own composition. But Major Serpa Pinto is not very tedious. He has left out a great deal. He occupies too much space with perpetual accounts of the difficulty of obtaining carriers. His troubles with his carriers absorb him, as the whole intellect of some ladies is swallowed up with their difficulties with their servants. But Major Serpa Pinto's character is delineated by himself with much unconscious humour. He is brave, loyal, persevering, hot-tempered, and he knows it. He does not "pretend to have rigorously followed the precepts laid down in the twentieth chapter of the sublime Book of Exodus, certainly the most beautiful of the Pentateuch, but he did his best not to depart too widely from them." He felt that European manners and ideas are not always in place in Central Africa, and he acted on a rough-and-ready sense of natural justice.

Sometimes the Major took the law into his own hands with admirable effect. Africa is the asylum of cosmopolitan scoundrels, men escaped from Portuguese prisons, and other adventurers who strive to out-do even the natives in moral callousness. One of these blackguards proposed to Major Pinto to use his arms and ammunition "in a most villainous undertaking," probably slave-catching. The Major at once had his rascally countryman seized and tied up to a tree, where he caused him to receive fifty lashes. As the man had threatened to stir up disaffection among the carriers, this summary justice deprived him of any prestige he might have enjoyed among the blacks. On another occasion, a slave merchant brought his merchandise into the Major's camp, and so irritated that friend of freedom that, says he, "I made a dash at the fellow, seized him by the throat, and drew my knife, with the intention of plunging it into his body." But better thoughts prevailed. When Major Pinto had actually aimed his revolver at the head of another malefactor, some one threw up his hand, and the bullet, fortunately for all concerned, sped harmless. This is not the sort of major for African kings to meddle with. Being bullied and "boycotted" in the Baroze country, Major Pinto sketched out a very pleasing plan of a revolution, a scheme so picturesque that the reader almost regrets it was not executed:—

I had resolved, if Lobossi decided upon my death, to surround myself with five of my most reliable men, to act as bull-dogs, such as Augusto, Camutombo, and others, and repair with them at once to the King's audience, where all are alike unarmed; to cause them, at a given signal, to spring upon Lobossi, Gambella, Matagia and the other two privy counsellors, whilst I, accompanied by Machaana, the General in Chief, who had ten thousand warriors at his call, would shout out, "Live Monatumuono, King of the Lui; long live the son of Chipopa!"

Less conscientious and less official explorers than Major Serpa Pinto might probably perform great feats of filibustering in the interior of Africa. Thirty resolute and well-armed Europeans might seize the "stool" of a native prince, govern his kingdom, extend their dominions, and alter the history of a continent. So, at least, some passages in this book lead us to imagine; but the practical difficulties may be greater than they seem.

Major Serpa Pinto had much ill luck on his journey. At the start he was provided by the Portuguese Government with arms, equipments, stores, provisions, that Mungo Park never dreamed of in the old days when lonely white men wandered from tribe to tribe, with no currency except the brass buttons of their coats. Major Pinto also had companions, Capello and Ivens, but they deserted him and went their own ways. Though he appears to have behaved to them with generosity, their conduct naturally caused him much distress and trouble. But illness, the want of carriers, the dishonesty of the natives, and the extortions of *Sovas*, or kings, caused the chief difficulties in his arduous march. In the populous Bihé country he found a singular race of born adventurers and discoverers, who travel for years at a time for their own pleasure and interest. The wealthy traders among the Bihenos would be considered "warm men" even in countries less sultry than Africa. "If they only had the power of telling where they had been, and describing what they had seen, the geographers of Europe would not have cause to leave blank great part of the map of South Central Africa." Though possessed of "great pluck" (tempered, apparently, by almost invincible discretion in certain circumstances), the Bihenos are profoundly vicious, openly depraved, persistently cruel, and cunningly hypocritical. These qualities remarked in them are common, Major Pinto thinks, to almost all the Africans with whom he made acquaintance. As fever and rheumatism (only temporarily cured by a sudden ducking in a river) detained Major Pinto for many months in the Bihé country, he was able to make an interesting study of their religion, customs, and political institutions. As far as religion is concerned, we do not think Major Pinto a very valuable witness. He is apt to say "Religion they have none." Thus of the Gonzellos he observes, "though thorough believers in sorcery, they never give a thought to the existence of a Supreme Being." Again, the Bihenos "have no idea of any religious faith, they adore neither sun nor moon

\* *How I Crossed Africa*. By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the Author's MS. by Alfred Elwes. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

they set up no idols, but live on, quite satisfied with their sorceries and divinations." Now it is very likely that both Gonzellos and Bihenos give no thought to a Supreme Being. But it does not follow that they have no religion. Among races in their state of thought, supremacy is "in commission." They have no idea of a Supreme Being, but they have the small change of the idea, and scatter the attributes of creative and other powers, of rewarding and punishing and the rest, among a number of fanciful beings. Thus the Bihenos, according to Major Pinto, believe in the immortality of the soul, or something very like it, and in a kind of purgatory. The Gonzellos, in the Caquingue country, like the Australian and American tribes, have not yet reconciled themselves to the belief that man is necessarily and naturally mortal. "None of these peoples admit the existence of natural causes of diseases or death. If any among them should fall ill or die, the cause is attributed either to the souls of the other world (one among the spirits being specially designated) or to some living person who has compassed the death by sorcery or witchcraft." Just as among the Australians, a kind of magical coroner's inquest is held after a natural death to discover by omens and divination the ghost or wizard who caused the lamented decease. This widely-spread amazement at the ordinance of death as a thing unnatural and abnormal has produced all over the globe myths of the origin of death. But these topics did not greatly interest Major Pinto, who, however, discusses at length the functions of diviners, sorcerers, medicine-men, and rain-makers. He was, as usually happens in Africa, taken for a rain-maker, because his visit to a village coincided with a shower. He tried to convince the chief that he was not responsible for the weather, and one of his companions delivered a lecture on meteorology, adapted to simple minds. But, the rain ceasing, the chief went among his retinue, and threatened to take the life of the mischievous fellow who had closed the windows of the heavens.

The government of the Bihés is somewhat quaintly described as "an absolute monarchy with a good deal of feudalism about it." This means, not that the feudatories are semi-independent, and a match, or more than a match, for their sovereign, but only that their power is tolerably strong among their own dependents, whom they lead to join the armies of the Sova, or head-chief. On the death of a Sova, there is an interregnum, a period of plunder in which strangers are apt to be seized as slaves. The under chiefs now select the rightful heir, two parties go out and "pot" a man and an antelope, their heads are put into a basket, the medicine-man conjures with them, and the new Sova is installed. The curse of the country is the custom of *mucamo*, by which traders and travellers are subjected to enormous fines, often for trivial offences against some unintelligible etiquette. With all their vices and crimes, the Bihés have energy, and Major Pinto has a much higher opinion of their future than of that of the lazy tribes who do nothing but sleep and eat. He stayed in the Bihé country long enough to consume one hundred and sixty-nine fowls—a monotonous diet. His drawings of the instruments, axes, knives, pipes, hoes, arrows, and so forth, made by all the African tribes who are workers in iron, are well executed and full of interest. The forms are often exactly like those of very early bronze implements, represented in such works as Mr. Evans's *Ancient Bronze*.

With his Biheno carriers, who are not averse to cannibalism (preferring to eat potters and basket-makers), Major Pinto slowly worked his way to the Zambesi. He found cloth the best form of money. The demand for beads is very precarious. Black beads are the only currency in one district. Red beads with white spots pass in another. Old metal cartridges are firm, if not lively, but striped cloths were often flat, and blue shirtings were uncommonly dull. The sort of tricks played with blue lights and gases by lecturers on chemical science do not strike terror nor inspire respect. The negroes set them down to sorcery, and, as the Scotch gentleman, on hearing a marvellous story, observed that he "was a leear himself," so the natives are themselves sorcerers, and are not much impressed by European magic. In the Mucassequeres Major Pinto found the regular thoroughgoing savages of South tropical Africa. They do not dwell in villages. "They are born under the shadow of a forest-tree, and so they are content to die." They do not cultivate the ground, but live on roots, honey, and game. They are "whites of the type of the Hottentot race, in all its hideousness." But some of the more cultivated Ambuella girls are pretty. This people practises a well-known form of savage hospitality. The King's two daughters, Opuda and Capén, beset Major Pinto exactly as the Soldan's daughter, in old French romances, always besieges the heart of the Christian Knight. But Major Pinto, unlike the heroes of romance, was an exploring Galahad. One of these young women "inspired me with more fear than the wildest of wild cats could occasion."

Oddly enough, the *spretæ injuria forme* was neither permanent nor maleficent. The two girls dropped into Platonic relations with the Major; "we lived on, the best friends in the world"; indeed, these good girls were the only native friends the Major made. On reaching the Baroze country he was "boy-cotted," as we have said, was deserted by his carriers, and was robbed of his weapons and ammunition. Fortunately he had still "the King's rifle," a present from his sovereign, and the weights of his net supplied him with lead for bullets. With these to provide food, in a country not deficient in game, and with a stout heart, he worked his way to the Transvaal. Fortunately he found in the very centre of Africa, and in the very worst of his difficulties, a

French missionary, M. Coillard, "the best and kindest man he ever came across," and other European explorers. At length he reached Pretoria, the English, comfort, and the "pound sterling." His opinion of the courage of the Boers, maligned by missionaries, has been confirmed by recent events. But we must always set against his view of their dealings with the natives the view and the experience of Livingstone. The last of the many victims of the expedition died, and was buried near a missionary settlement in the Transvaal. The remnant of the expedition numbered but eight persons, when Major Pinto, "completely dazzled" by the splendour of the entertainment, dined with the Treasurer of the Transvaal.

#### FOUR CROTCHETS TO A BAR.\*

THERE is a certain cleverness in this story, but we greatly doubt whether it is enough to make up for the vein of low farce which runs through it. Almost all the characters are very vulgar, and at times very dull; there are far too many of them, and the scene gets overcrowded; yet we must admit that the liveliness of certain passages, and the novelty of the plot may prove the saving of the story, and win it the popularity of a month or so in the circulating libraries. With all its faults—and they are as great as they are numerous—it is not nearly so bad or so poor a novel as many that keep the attendants in a bustle at Mudie's for fully as long a time as a comet remains in sight. Such a story as this it is by no means easy to analyse. It so abounds in characters that we scarcely know with whom to begin. Among the four Miss Crotchets who give the somewhat foolish name to the book most certainly the heroine cannot be found, for they have all, when the story opens, not only reached what is called "a certain age," but even got beyond it. The only safe course in writing about such a hodge-podge as this story is to stick closely to the fortunes of the leading lovers, and not to leave them till we are safely landed at a wedding-morning and the parish church. The tale opens, then, at a seaside place called Shellford-by-Shore. There the Miss Crotchets lived, and there they were presently joined by a rich brother from Jamaica, with his son John and his daughter Augusta. This young lady had a flower-like head, we are told, laughing eyes, and golden-brown hair. She was her father's darling, and was clearly meant to become the hero's darling also, whenever he should appear. The society at Shellford seemed at first sight unpromising enough. In truth we doubt whether a meaner and a more vulgar set has ever been found in one small place. The author certainly shows a wonderful exuberance in vulgarity. The Miss Crotchets—or, at all events, most of them—were vulgar, and so was their wealthy brother, and so also were the vicar and the vicar's wife, the Squire and the Squire's daughter, the doctor and the doctor's assistant, and in fact almost every one whom we can call to mind. There was one bright exception to this in a young physician, Dr. Lansdowne, who had lately settled at Shellford, and about whom the gossips were busy. He was a widower—at least he said that he was—but suspicions had been roused that his wife was still living, and every one was ready to believe the worst about him. He falls in love with the heroine, and she is not slow in returning the compliment. He does not at first propose to her, but asks her to give him a promise of her friendship. To this she sees no objection, and they shake hands on it. "I will be your friend," she said. "He understood her, knowing that she believed herself to be giving him a pledge of such friendship as annihilated all differences of condition and all prejudices of age." Why did they not at once go further, and get engaged? The answer is that, in the first place, they were only in the first volume, and in the next place there was clearly some mystery or other about the fascinating young physician which needed clearing up. He indulged in soliloquies which, though natural enough in a young lover who openly declares himself, are suspicious in a widower who merely asks for a girl's friendship. Early in the story we find him thinking about Augusta Crotchet's bright face, and then asking himself why he thought about it, when she was nothing to him and was never likely to be anything? Thereupon he turns round upon himself, and with many notes of admiration exclaims, "Never likely! when youth and life seemed all to abound for him! when the things of which he never spoke and never heard now were becoming almost as if they had never been! Never likely!" Then the author tells us how he hereupon whipped up his horse, and drove rapidly on, but how neither exercise nor fresh air could rid him of those fresh memories which, once awakened, clung like stinging insects. Hereupon the reader, if he at all resembles ourselves in this matter, straightway turns to the end of the third volume to see whether Miss Augusta Crotchet does in the end become Mrs. Lansdowne, or whether she dies broken-hearted and he lives penitent. There was just a chance, moreover, that the doctor was not the hero after all, but that the right man turned up later on. The inexperienced reader may take our word for it that he will be saved a great deal of time and labour if he will always ascertain with all promptitude who is the hero and who is the heroine. In nine cases out of ten this question is answered by the marriage that takes place in the last chapter. Knowing this fact early in the story, he is able to skip over all

\* *Four Crotchets to a Bar*. A Novel. By the Author of "The Gwilliams." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1881.



the descriptions of every one but the happy young couple. An author, indeed, often throws out, as it were, a false trail, along which his reader follows him only to discover at last that he might just as well have parted company with him when he started on it, and have taken up the scent further on. What was the discovery that we made in the present case we are rather inclined to keep to ourselves, for we do not forget that many readers take a pleasure in tormenting themselves by gratifying only through regular and steady reading that strong curiosity which they feel to know the end of a tale.

Matters certainly soon begin to have a very black look for the young doctor. He has plenty of enemies, and they presently get on the trace first of his father-in-law, and next of the daughter of his father-in-law. It is presently discovered that she is shut up in a private madhouse. Her name was Janet, and she maintained that she was Janet Lansdowne, the physician's wife. His little boy Algernon adds to the belief of the gossips of Shellford and to the bewilderment of the reader and the heroine. One day he was playing with the vicar's son at digging a grave, by means of which he proposed to descend to the lower regions. He suddenly stopped in his work and began thus to question his playmate:—

"Does your papa put people down there when they die?"

"Yes," answered Humphrey, "so it can't be far, but I don't think we shall get there to-night."

"Then it must be quite easy to get back?"

"That it isn't, I say. Where's your mamma? Did my papa put her down there?"

"No. He didn't. Say that again, and I'll fight you. She went up the other way. She went one night when we were all in bed. I'll tell you a secret. My papa cried. I didn't, because I guessed she'd come back again."

"Ah! that's miles and miles farther," said the parson's son. "It must be twice as hard to get up there."

"They can come down easier, though," said Algernon.

"That they can't."

"They can then, for I've seen them."

"It is not true. You never saw any one that did it," said Humphrey, pausing in his work.

"It is true," said Algernon Lansdowne solemnly. "I did not see them coming down, but I did see them after they had come, only it's a secret and I must not tell it you."

At last he tells his friend that he had one night seen his mother, that she was all in white, and had been crying, and that his father took her away again. The heroine being a very admirable young lady hereupon gives the hero up, and the reader is almost inclined to follow her, for he sees no way of escape out of the difficulty. Our fashionable novels have done a good deal in leading us to form very lenient judgments of men and things, but they have scarcely reconciled us as yet to bigamy. Our education, however, is going on very steadily, and no doubt in a few more years all our old prejudices will have disappeared. Nevertheless, for the present one wife in the madhouse and another at home are more than we can allow even in the case of the most admirable and virtuous of heroes. Happily our author does not make this hard trial of our old-fashioned morality. The first glimpse of light in the maze into which we had been led reaches us when we learn that Mrs. Lansdowne had had a twin sister. A blessing on twins, we say, and on the wonderful likeness that always exists between them. They have served both author and reader many a good turn already, and will doubtless serve them many a good turn yet. It is at first only a glimpse of light that falls, but it slowly broadens till hope returns. Whether, however, the heroine recovers from the melancholy into which she had fallen, whether the paleness of her cheeks is chased away by colour, and a returning appetite gives as much plumpness to her body as a heroine can venture to have; whether, moreover, the young doctor was really a widower; whether he returns from the solitude to which he had betaken himself; whether he himself turns mad or gets married a second time, that we will never divulge. There are circulating libraries, and by sending to them the inquisitive reader can find out all this for himself. Our knowledge has been only acquired by the expenditure of a good deal of trouble and patience; and though it has certainly cost us far more than it is worth, yet that is no reason why we should make it common to those who are indolent, who moreover, likely enough, would like much better to have the mystery left for themselves to unravel.

Such a plot as this, with the use of a good many fine words, ought to be able to fill up three volumes very easily. In the power of using such words the author certainly is not wanting, though it is not exercised so frequently as is commonly the case. In the last lines of the first volume we have an amusing instance of that style which is so highly esteemed at the present day, in which there is a jumble of fine words and of terms that at best are half slang. The heroine was thinking over the promise that she had made to the hero that they would be friends. "Only friends; and yet her heart went singing for the richness of the boon which her words discounted thus; and over all the melancholy land the sounds of trouble melted in her ears into songs of joyfulness and mirth." The land, by the way, was not melancholy so far as we could discover. At all events, the sun had been shining a short time before, and the heroine had been getting into the shade to escape its rays. But, melancholy or not, what has such a word as "discounted" to do in such strange company? If it cannot be spared, why then, in that case, the mercantile image should be kept up, and we should be told "that the sounds of trouble melted in her ears into premiums of joyfulness and scraps of mirth that rose above par." However, it is not the fine

words to which the author chiefly trusts to swell out the three volumes. The supply of low characters is almost inexhaustible, and whenever the hero or the heroine are off the scene, there is always a piece of broad farce ready to fill up the gap. In this kind of low buffoonery, perhaps, the chief merit of the story is to be found. There is, however, far too much of it, and the end is reached with a feeling of thankfulness. Nevertheless, as we closed the book, we were ready to allow that, when judged by the common standard of the novels of the day, it cannot be fairly pronounced either hopelessly bad or utterly stupid.

#### STUDIES OF MODERN MIND AND CHARACTER.\*

THIS volume displays a considerable amount of reading, but, unfortunately, almost no power at all either of digesting what has been read or of reproducing it for the benefit of others. The style is dull and heavy; the narrative portions of the book leave on the reader's mind the impression that something, he does not quite know what, has happened; and the reflections and observations will appear to most persons to be, for the best part, either very old or quite unsound. However, the book abounds in quotations so numerous and of such length that a good deal of information may be gleaned from it by passing over what comes from the pen of the writer, and attending only to that which is due to his authorities. It is to be regretted that a writer evidently industrious and painstaking should not have spent more of his pains and industry on the arts of composition. In a great historical or philosophical work, heaviness and dullness—drawbacks as they are—may be put up with for the sake of matter or thoughts not to be found elsewhere. But the whole worth of essays such as those that this volume consists of lies in their readableness, in their putting in a clear and popular form what the writer has gathered from books too numerous or too little accessible for the reading of the general public. They can then serve to give some information to those who cannot go to the fountain-heads, and to act as guides or as stimulants to those who can. But essays like these, to read which with any degree of attention requires a strong and constant effort of the will, serve neither of these purposes, and only have the effect of giving an association of dullness to the subjects, however brilliant and attractive, of which they treat. One can hardly, for instance, read through the essay on Voltaire, which shows much careful labour on the part of the writer, without longing for a volume of his letters or novels to clear one's mind from the fog with which the essayist has beclouded it.

The book before us treats of many subjects. There is an essay on Guicciardini, one on Giordano Bruno and Galileo, one on Swift, another on Junius, five or six on France, from the days of the old régime to the Franco-German war, and, finally, one on Bismarck and what the writer calls "Pan-Teutonism." For the most part they are reprints of contributions to the *Quarterly Review*; and this fact will suffice to prepare the reader's mind for writing not of the liveliest sort. The last essay of all, which treats of Modern Germany, is perhaps the weakest of the whole series. It appeared in January 1871, and not even the astonishing events of that winter and the preceding autumn can rouse the writer to any animation of feeling or style. Some of the most important contributions to the literature of "Pan-Teutonism," particularly the *Was fordern wir von Frankreich?* by Professor Heinrich von Treitschke, the leading German Chauvinist, are not mentioned or quoted at all. No better source of information as to the growth of this feeling could be found than in the writings of Herr von Treitschke, published between the beginning of the Danish complication and the close of the Franco-German war; yet they are passed over in silence. Some of the statements made on matters of public notoriety show an extraordinary want of knowledge as to German feeling and recent German history. "Nothing," says the writer, "could seem less substantial in matter-of-fact foundation than the Schleswig-Holstein enthusiasm of six or seven years back in Germany." Now it is certain that German enthusiasm on this subject in 1863-4 was only a reawakening, under conditions more favourable for its fulfilment, of German enthusiasm in 1848 and the following two or three years. The frustration of German hopes at this earlier period and the so-called *Schmach von Olmütz*, or humiliation which Prussia suffered about the same time at the hands of Austria, were the two chief grievances which kept rankling in the minds of the German people. The feeling of Germans on such matters was repeatedly derided by Heine, who never lost an opportunity of turning the unfulfilled hopes of his countrymen into ridicule, and who shared the common prejudice that Germans were by nature a people of dreamers and not doers. It is true that Prussia ended by getting from Denmark more than Germany asked for or had either a legal or moral right to; but it is equally true that in entering on the campaign against Denmark Prince Bismarck had about as substantial a foundation in German feeling as a statesman could desire. It was otherwise in the case of the war with Austria in 1866, which was generally unpopular in Prussia till the brief and victorious campaign in Bohemia revealed to the Prussian people its own strength and the unsubstantiality of the illusions which had long made it an obsequious follower of Austria.

\* *Studies of Modern Mind and Character.* By John Wilson. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1881.

"Pan-Teutonium"—or the absorption by Germany of all nations of Teutonic extraction—is here treated as if it were a serious power in international politics. It does not seem to have occurred to the writer that, after the unexampled victories won by Germany, some extravagant displays of national pride were only natural. It is a wonder that they have been so few in number, and have been confined to a few professors or journalists. The responsible actors in German politics have disclaimed them from the beginning, and no step in the direction of "Pan-Teutonium" has been taken by the German Government from that day to this. The German people, though circumstances have made them the leading military Power of the world, are peaceable and ill disposed to adventures; and the German Government has shown that it knows better than most the difference between phantoms and solid political objects. It is well known that in annexing Alsace and Lorraine military objects were those which the German Government had mainly in view, although it was naturally not insensible to the advantage of satisfying national pride and making amends for what was held to be an old-standing national wrong. It was unity and not empire that Germany was striving after. And to talk as if the revival of the "Holy Roman Empire" could be a serious object of German statesmanship or a serious desire of any part of the German people is to betray a complete misconception of the whole drift of recent German politics and of the whole character of the German people.

As an instance of the manner in which the author contrives in his comments to extract all the nerve out of the quotations which he makes from others, we may take a casual remark of his on a saying of Napoleon I., "En dernière analyse, on ne gouverne qu'avec des éperons et des bottes." "This," says our author, "was undoubtedly true at the epoch at which he undertook to govern." But it is undoubtedly true everywhere and at all epochs. *En dernière analyse*, the power of the sword is what every Government on earth rests on—republics, monarchies, and despotisms alike. This is a universal truth, put epigrammatically by Napoleon. *In the last resort* force is the arbiter, and this in the most law-abiding as in the most lawless times and countries. To qualify a universal truth of this sort is as though one were to say, "It has been asserted that oxygen is absolutely necessary for human life. And this is undoubtedly true in large cities." How soon we come to the last resort is another matter, and this varies indefinitely at different periods, among different races, and under different forms of government. A similar slovenliness of thought is shown by assertions such as these:—"Napoleon III. made two great Ministers, but he made them for other nations—Count Cavour and Count Bismarck." Napoleon made neither, except in the sense in which a rock makes the tunnel that goes through it. He and his policy were just factors in the political problems which Cavour and Bismarck had to deal with; but he taught these statesmen nothing, except the fact that he was himself an irresolute dreamer of dreams. In breadth, in clearness and in accuracy of vision, in diplomatic adroitness, in vigour and decision of purpose and action, and in sympathy with the great political forces of the day, and power of turning them to the benefit of his country, each of the two statesmen whom Napoleon is here preposterously said to have "made" was immeasurably his superior. In no sense whatever can Napoleon be said to have "made" either of them—not even in the limited sense in which Victor Emmanuel and the Emperor William did. Nor, again, is it true, as the author asserts in the same essay, that "Louis Napoleon's policy, tortuous or direct, never had but one object—the aggrandizement of France as a condition to the permanence of the Napoleonic dynasty." That this was a main object of his policy is true enough; but that it was his "one object" is inaccurate. His sympathy, for instance, with the cause of Italy was genuine, and dated back to the time when he was himself a conspirator against the oppressors of the country from which his own family was derived. He was, in fact, more disinterested than the French nation. And again, there is every reason to suppose that he was sincerely anxious for the welfare and progress of the people he ruled over. Vacillating, dreaming, open to light and to impulses from many sides, he was the very reverse of those men of one object among whom the author of these essays numbers him. Cavour—a greater but in some respects a narrower nature—was a man of one object, and his repeated victories over Napoleon in the momentous year which followed the Peace of Villafranca were chiefly due to the fact that he had one aim while the Emperor had several. To make Italy strong, but not too strong; to gratify the lust of territory of his own people; to keep on good terms with the Catholic Church; to befriend the Italian patriots, who desired nothing so much as the ruin of the temporal power; to found, if possible, a central Italian Napoleonic kingdom; to save Piedmont from being crushed by Austria; at the same time not to go to war a second time with Austria—these and other conflicting aims were what this man of "one object" tried to reconcile; and it is not surprising that he was overcome by a statesman who knew just what he wanted and just what was feasible.

We have referred to one or two only of the multifarious subjects treated in this volume. We regret that we are unable to say more in praise of a book on which the author has evidently spent pains. But, until it is recast and re-written in quite a different spirit and style, we cannot honestly say that it is either interesting or helpful.

## TO-DAY IN AMERICA.\*

THESE volumes have surely been labelled with the wrong title. On looking through the table of contents one thinks that "Leaves from a Scrap Book" would be more appropriate. On turning over the pages we think that "What Everybody says about Everything" or the "Cream of the Commonplace" was the title really proposed by the author. On actually reading the book we perceive that the most appropriate title, which was probably overlooked by the author, would be "The New Boiling of Old Rags" or "Topics already Done to Death." The book is not apparently presented as a book of travel, because the author does not in his descriptive pages show that he has seen any part of the continent outside New York and Quebec, and to have seen these towns alone hardly justifies a man in writing about so large a country as America. There was once a traveller who came all the way from New Zealand to see London. He landed at Poplar, where he stayed till it was time to take ship back again, which he did, under the firm belief that he had seen London in all its grandeur. But he did not write a book about it. Then, again, the work is not written in order to illustrate unknown phases of American life, because there is little or nothing in it about American life, except perhaps a description of a New York opium den and a trotting race. Mr. Hatton, in fact, tells us nothing at all about the States which the world does not already know. There are, to be sure, many disquisitions on things belonging to this country as much as to America. We need not, for instance, go to America in order to learn what is meant by the Ulster Custom; nor is it necessary to cross the ocean in order to attend a Spiritualist's *séance* and listen to rappings, because the same thing, quite as good, may be had in London. And if any one wants to reproduce the blasphemous mouthings of a coarse and vulgar atheist, we can supply him with an article of native manufacture, warranted quite as offensive and quite as unseemly. And as yet, we believe, the actual words of the British atheist have not been reported by any respectable American publishers; so that, so far, Mr. Hatton's publishers are ahead of rivals on the other side; nor has the British atheist spouter ever received from any American, so far as we know, the admiration and appreciation which Mr. Hatton bestows upon a certain Mr. Ingersoll. "There was," he says, after quoting a choice specimen of this gentleman's method, "a rough bludgeon-like logic in his analyses of the Gospels, and he showed, to the evident satisfaction of his hearers, where churchmen had tampered with them, and how they had overloaded the simple teaching of Christ with commandments and promises which He never gave." Remark that Mr. Hatton does not say "attempted to show," or "pretended to show," or "professed to show." No; Mr. Ingersoll "showed"—*demonstravit*—these remarkable facts, about which, therefore, there can be henceforth no doubt. The Company of Revisers have been found out in their tamperings and their addings; it remains only for the original Gospels to be published, stripped by Mr. Ingersoll of the additions and the tamperings, for the instruction and benefit of the human race. Setting aside any questions of taste, reverence, and good feeling, is it possible to conceive of a great subject being treated in a spirit more uncritical?

It is, indeed, in an uncritical frame of mind which would be surprising in a schoolgirl that the whole book has been put together. Mr. Hatton goes to a *séance*, receives the usual messages from various members of his family, and a single word from a great English writer. That word is "spooks," and spooks is American slang for ghost. This stale rubbish is treated by Mr. Hatton as evidence worthy of calm and judicial consideration; he tells this threadbare story "as a patient inquirer" and a "candid observer." We know the "patient inquirer" and "candid observer" by this time; we have often heard him on Spiritualism, ghosts, supernatural events, premonitions, rappings, and all the rest of it; we are familiar with his calm and thoughtful air; we expect beforehand the story which he will tell; we know his summing-up, "I can only say that this is what I saw"; and our only disappointment in Mr. Hatton's story is that it has been told about the performances of every little practitioner in the Spiritualistic trade. Of course we are not at all surprised to be informed that there are a great many people in New York who believe in Spiritualism. One thing Mr. Hatton tells us for our comfort. It is that Mr. Ingersoll, the atheist orator (who is also, it appears, a colonel and an "eminent lawyer"), has not yet classed Spiritualism among the "degrading superstitions." There is some hope, therefore, that he believes in it; and we cannot but feel that, if so, it serves him right.

Again, when Mr. Hatton discourses on emigration, he goes, in the fine credulity of the uncritical spirit, straight to the really trustworthy quarters—namely, the papers issued by Emigration Agents—just as Martin Chuzzlewit did before buying his well-known little lot in Eden. The beautiful thing about these papers—whose figures, Mr. Hatton says, he has "taken some pains to verify"—is that they contain no vexatious and disappointing statements. Fever was not touched upon by the Eden agent, nor was the word "rattle" so much as mentioned. So with Mr. Hatton's statistics. They are beautiful; they "average out" in a most surprising way; the decimals alone are irresistible. Until one comes to ask about the other side of the picture, one is tempted to believe as readily as Mr. Hatton

\* *To-day in America: Studies for the Old World and the New.* By Joseph Hatton. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited). 1881.



himself that Paradise still exists, and is spread over the greater part of the United States. For there is not one word of warning; nothing is said of fierce summers and cold winters; of the locusts, caterpillars, Colorado beetles, lawless settlers, fights, Red Indians, mosquitoes, cyclones, tornadoes, the roughness and monotony of the life and its many hardships. In the same spirit he treats of Canada, her prospects and her probable absorption by the States. Already, he says, "cocktails have become a national institution." There is no arguing with a book which is a mere collection of parrot cries and the echo of ephemeral opinion, but we may remind those who talk of Canada being swallowed up and so forth, that Canada is a country with a great militia; that Canada would fight for independence, even if deserted by England; and that there is no party in the States which would go to war in such a cause. As for separation from the Mother-country, that is also a wider question than Mr. Hatton's instructors seem to suspect. It will come speedily, say these philosophers, chiefly because England's trade is on the decline. This statement, which we understand to mean that England's trade will speedily reach the vanishing point, is also fast becoming a parrot cry. It affords Mr. Hatton, however, in his book about America, an opportunity of discussing Protection in England, Free-trade, Commercial Depression, and Political Economy generally; this he does with the freedom of one who is unshackled by any of the principles taught by learned professors. It is characteristic of the "common-sense" men whom Mr. Hatton "interviewed" for these volumes that they always forget certain elements of human nature which so often bring the croaking prophet to confusion. In other words, the enterprise, the good sense, the ability, which have made England what it is, may be supposed to remain with us still; markets once opened may be closed; certain branches of industry may find fewer ports open to them; but even under these changed and unfavourable conditions the old spirit may be trusted to carry on the prosperity of the country in other ways.

Trotting-matches, opium-smoking, the blasphemies of Colonel Ingersoll, spirit-rapping, the stage, emigration, England's decline, Free-trade—these are only some of the topics touched upon in these volumes. We cannot exhaust the list; we may, however, point out that Mr. Hatton has got a good deal to say on the subject of international copyright. He writes naturally from the author's point of view; he is apparently one of those old-fashioned believers who think that every author is a wit, an ingenious person, a man of gigantic intellect. He seems also to be under the idea that it is a more noble thing to write ephemeral novels than to write for ephemeral papers. At all events, he says that "there is nothing more sad in the history of Intellect than the fact that the anonymous press of England has literally ground up, body and soul, some of the brightest and most capable men of the country." How does the anonymous press literally grind up the body of the writer? We suppose Mr. Hatton means that writing is hard work; but so is a practice at the Bar; so is success of every kind; and to be really successful one must needs be strong. How, again, does the press literally grind up the soul of the writer? This fustian stuff is all very well for a circle of third-rate *littérateurs*, a class who have always been remarkable for estimating their mental powers a good deal above the market value, but in a serious work one hardly expects to find it. No doubt many clever and able men have become journalists; but so have many men neither clever nor able. To write fluently is a very small gift; and it is a great piece of presumption in the small writer to believe that his talent is worth more than that of the lawyer, the physician, or the engineer. Journalism of a kind may be taken up by anybody who knows how to spell. And, forsooth, we are called upon to pity the journalist because he is anonymous. To begin with, there is very little of the anonymous about the work of good men in the profession; and as to the rest, why should they not be obscure? A general medical practitioner in a country town might just as well lament his obscurity. Yet he is known, and so is the journalist, among the people who employ him, which is all he should want. But, says Mr. Hatton, the wisest brains of the day are exhausted in press-work at the pay of first-class mechanics. A first-class mechanic is a rare person; he can command high wages; but we doubt whether any daily paper exists whose rate of pay is such as to justify this reckless assertion. Perhaps, however, Mr. Hatton wishes the world to believe that the wisest brains are found among the penny-a-liners. The plain fact is that a good writer soon gets found out and draws good pay; and there are always plenty of bad writers to compete among themselves for the bad pay.

It is a weary book, a book which should not have been written; its conclusions ring like the echoes of commonplace-talk; it tells us nothing new. We had intended speaking of the bad taste which is constantly displayed; but we content ourselves with asking one question—What is to be thought of a writer who, after expressing (in a book on America) his disapproval of the way in which men in London stare at ladies, emphasizes his views by a quotation from a novel written by himself?

#### MINOR NOTICES.

**DR. CAIRNS** (1), the Principal of the United Presbyterian College, was requested by the Trustees of the Cunningham

(1) *Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century; being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880.* By John Cairns, D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology in the United Presbyterian College. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1881.

Lecture in the Free Church Communion to undertake the delivery of the course of lectures for 1880, and chose as his subject the tracing of the general history of unbelief in Christian countries during the period subsequent to the Reformation, especially in the eighteenth century. The task was, in one sense, a sufficiently thankless one, since nothing can well be drearier or more devoid of living interest than to pass along a track of continually repeating barrenness and stunted or withered growth; but the record has its side of obvious usefulness. To a young man, less perfectly instructed in the wisdom of the past than assured of his own in the present, and ready to pick up and treasure any fragments of exploded opinion which may fall in his way as though they were entirely new and invaluable discoveries, the mere collection and enumeration of the names and arguments of writers of the various schools of scepticism must almost of necessity have the effect of opening his eyes and directing them towards a wider horizon; and the dry and unlovely waste presented as the view is shown successively in England, in France, and in Germany, may not unreasonably be expected to dispel the illusions which lie around the first steps in the path of unbelief.

Under the perhaps somewhat ambitious title of *Our Own Country* (2) Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published a fairly well executed collection of woodcuts of various scenes and buildings of interest to be found in Great Britain and Ireland. The sister isle is, to be sure, not very well treated, the scene selected from her for illustration being one which has the least pleasant sound of all to Irish ears—the river Boyne. We doubt whether the majority of that portion of the inhabitants of "our country" which lives on the other side of St. George's Channel will agree with the writer of the text attached to the illustrations, that the Boyne bears a name "dear to the heart of every British lover of freedom, religious and political." Perhaps the writer's indignation about the massacre at Drogheda and the space devoted to the Lakes of Killarney may be taken as an offset to this. Scotland, doubtless in a spirit of impartiality, is also confined to two chapters, one on Aberdeen and one on Loch Maree. The drawings are fully up to the level of the weekly illustrated papers, and the text is fairly well filled with useful information. The remaining sixteen chapters are devoted to English and Welsh subjects, chosen very much at random—towns, landscapes, and castles. The book may be recommended to readers who are in absolute ignorance of the fact that there is anything of any particular interest outside of London, and may be dipped into on a Sunday with safety by persons of a scrupulous conscience.

Dr. Diver's little book, in spite of the immense parade of its title, seems to be a very handy collection of good advice to a medical student (3), or rather to the doctor who has just passed beyond the student stage. We do not know how far the brief notes about drugs scattered up and down the book can be of any use to anybody, but the hints given as to a choice of practice will no doubt be welcome.

From the biographical notice prefixed to a republication of his papers (4), we learn that the late Rev. John F. Sergeant was a respectable and respected Churchman, who did, like many of his class, much good charitable work. This accounts for the regard in which he was held by his friends, but scarcely justifies the reprinting of commonplace matter written in a bald style.

The reading public will be grateful to Mr. Bohn for having published a volume (5) the worth and usefulness of which were fully recognized when it was privately printed "nearly fourteen years ago," as we learn from the preliminary notice. At that time only five hundred copies were struck off; and Mr. Bohn writes, "as applications for the book continue to be made, many of them with considerable earnestness, occasionally coupled with a remonstrance against my making it so exclusive, I have at length consented to comply with what seems to be a public demand." The writer goes on to hope that the result will justify his action in the matter; and as to this we can have little doubt.

The "Eversley Edition" of Kingsley's writings, which is issued by Messrs. Macmillan, and of which the first instalment is the ever-fresh *Westward Ho!* (6), is printed in capital type, and in every way well got up.

Mr. Black has written for the "Holiday Number" of the *Illustrated London News* (7) a story which shows his skill in making interest out of materials which might seem flimsy enough in less keen and practised hands. The author manages to give life to every one of his characters; his descriptions are, as usual, excellent; and a certain excitement is artfully maintained up to the end. The treatment of an episode of a nature which it is certainly not too easy to handle is especially praiseworthy. We must not omit a word of high commendation for the illustrations.

(2) *Our Own Country; Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial.* Illustrated. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell & Co.

(3) *The Young Doctor's Future; or, What shall be my Practice?* By E. Diver, M.D. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

(4) *Two Cities; with other "Papers Practical."* By the late Rev. John F. Sergeant. London: "Home Words" Publishing Office.

(5) *A Dictionary of Quotations from the English Poets.* By Henry G. Bohn, F.R.A.S., &c. London: Published for the Author by George Bell & Sons.

(6) *Westward Ho!* By Charles Kingsley. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

(7) *Holiday Number of the Illustrated News—That Beautiful Wretch: a Brighton Story.* By William Black. London: "Illustrated News" Office.

The eighth volume of Mme. de Witt's excellent translation of M. Guizot's *History of France* (8) has lately appeared.

The Ulster King of Arms has compiled a volume (9) the title of which is enough to indicate its usefulness, while the arranger's name is a sufficient warrant for its accuracy.

The pieces contained in the second series of Mr. Gilbert's plays (10) have already been criticized in these columns. The volume contains nine pieces, including such very different works as *Dan'l Druce* and the *Pirates of Penzance*. Although we are glad to see *Gretchen* again anywhere off the stage, we regret to observe that Mr. Gilbert has not suppressed the "note" at the end of his list of *dramatis personæ*. It is quite unnecessary to inform the public that "the leading idea of this play was suggested by Goethe's *Faust*." There is something very ludicrous in the superfluous care shown by Mr. Gilbert in guarding the originality of his dialogue in all the scenes but the best. It will scarcely be disputed.

It is somewhat late to publish an account of Lerkosia (11), apparently written before the English occupation of the island; but the description published under this title by Messrs. Kegan Paul may be found interesting, and the simplicity of its style inclines us to accept it as accurate in its facts. The plates are fairly well drawn in outline, but are somewhat poor from want of details. The book gives a vivid impression of the island's curious mixture of East and West.

The fact that Mr. F. Hyndman's *Tour* (12) should have reached a second edition shows that perfectly obvious and commonplace observations on the best known parts of Europe, conveyed in a bald style, can, when flavoured by evangelical piety, attain to wide popularity in some reading public.

Mr. Brander Matthews is already well known as a keen dramatic critic and accomplished writer, and the brief preface which he has written for a little volume of drawing-room plays (13) is, as might be expected, full of sound judgment. To the plays themselves it is, unhappily, impossible to give one word of praise.

Mr. MacGeorge has produced an interesting monograph on flags (14), not the least curious passage of which is that in which he points out the heraldic inaccuracies in the construction of our national flag and in the design on our bronze coinage. According to the verbal blazon of the flag, writes Mr. MacGeorge, avoiding technicalities as far as possible, "the flag is appointed to be blue, with the three crosses, or rather the one cross, and the two saltires combined." And, to avoid the mistake of colour on colour, "it is directed that when the red crosses of England and Ireland come in contact with the blue ground of the flag, they are to be 'fimbriated'—that is, separated from the blue by a very narrow border of one of the metals—in this case silver or white. . . . To use the words of the written blazon, the St. George's cross is to be 'fimbriated as the saltire.'" The author goes on to point out that, while the red saltire of Ireland is accurately fimbriated, the St. George's cross is not fimbriated at all, being placed upon a ground of white so broad that it ceases to be a border. "The practical effect of this, and its only heraldic meaning, is that the centre of the flag, instead of being occupied solely by the St. George's cross, is occupied by two crosses, a white cross with a red one superinduced on it." A mistake of a somewhat similar character is detected in the design on the bronze coinage of England.

The latest addition to Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.'s Parchment Library is *Shakespeare's Sonnets* (15), to which Mr. Dowden has prefixed an interesting and well-proportioned introduction. It is unfortunate that the leaves refuse to lie open, and we fail to see what is gained by printing the whole book with long s's.

There is, of course, a special fitness just now in the appearance of a second edition of Mr. Stephen's excellent translation of Lermontoff's poem *The Demon* (16), which it will be remembered gave Herr Rubinstein the subject for his opera lately produced at Covent Garden.

Mr. Jolly justifies his new book, on Burns (17) by saying that "in such a subject new presentation is more than mere facts, and this the present volume claims to be. It is a study of the old story in connexion with a new and marked personality." This apparently means that Mr. Jolly, having met and talked with one Willie Patrick who had been a farm servant to Burns, has

written a little—fortunately a very little—book on the old man's bald disjointed chat.

Mr. Baker, who feels compelled to write about his exceedingly commonplace travels (18), says:—"To the sympathies of the many, therefore, this work appeals; and, if it but find favour in their sight, the object in writing it will indeed be fully gained." As the many seem now to be unable to abstain from writing about their journeyings, they will perhaps appreciate Mr. Baker's account of his.

Mr. Palgrave has formed, by extracts from many writers who have either worked professedly for the young or whose writings can be used for them, a Reading-Book (19) designed to instil into the minds of children the main facts of political economy. The extracts are naturally rather devoted to good advice than to science.

There was certainly room for Mr. Swettenham's English-Malay Vocabulary and Dialogues (20), in which his objects have been, amongst other things, to compile a vocabulary which shall contain every word likely to be met with in ordinary reading, writing, or conversation, and "to express in the Romanized Malay, as nearly as possible, the exact pronunciation of the Malay word." This is, perhaps, about as difficult a task as a person can set himself with any language, and, for reasons which will be obvious to all who read Mr. Swettenham's preface, it must be especially difficult in the case of Malay. Mr. Swettenham has certainly spared no pains to attain his object. It would be interesting to discover how near a careful student of his work could get to the accurate pronunciation of Malay. There is a well-known story of a distinguished linguist who spoke various Eastern languages with the pronunciation of a native before he had ever been in the East, but that is an exceptional case.

*Sea-Air and Sea-Bathing* (21) seems a sound and useful little book, in which the suggestions for precautions against danger and methods of meeting it when it comes are particularly to be commended.

Mr. Parker Gillmore's *Encounters with Wild Beasts* (22) is a book bristling with exciting adventures, the truth of which is vouched for by the author in a few lines of preface.

A second edition has been published of Mr. Grigor's *Arboriculture* (23), to supply the demand caused by the exhaustion of the first. In a short preface Mr. Grigor states that his health has prevented him from revising or adding to the work as it originally stood.

Under the care of Mr. Warner a Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Dulwich College (24) has been published, which is, apparently, full and accurate.

The Art Union of London issue for presentation to their subscribers this year a series of the plates engraved by M. Flameng "from," as the announcement runs, Mr. Frith's "Road to Ruin." As a matter of fact they serve to show how great an artist M. Flameng is.

(18) *Days Afoot and European Sketches*. By James Baker. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(19) *Political Economy Reading-Book*. By R. H. Inglis Palgrave. London: National Society's Depository.

(20) *Vocabulary of the English and Malay Language*. With Notes. By Frank A. Swettenham, Assistant Secretary for Native Affairs, Singapore. Vol. I. English-Malay Vocabulary and Dialogues. Singapore: Government Printing Office.

(21) *Sea-Air and Sea-Bathing*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(22) *Encounters with Wild Beasts*. By Parker Gillmore, Author of "A Ride through Hostile Africa," &c. London: Allen & Co.

(23) *Arboriculture*. By John Grigor. Second Edition. Edinburgh: 1881.

(24) *Catalogue of the Manuscripts and Muniments of Alwyn's College of God's Gift*, &c. By G. F. Warner, M.G. London: Longmans & Co. 1881.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(8) *The History of France from 1789 to 1848*. By M. Guizot. Edited by Mme. de Witt (née Guizot). Vol. VIII. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(9) *The Book of Precedence*. By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., L.L., Ulster King of Arms. London: Harrison.

(10) *Original Plays*. By W. S. Gilbert. Second Series. London: Chatto & Windus. 1881. (Mayfair Library.)

(11) *Lerkosia, the Capital of Cyprus*. With 12 full-page Illustrations. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.

(12) *A Tour through Europe and the Holy Land; or, West and East*. By Frederick Hyndman. London: Cassell & Co.

(13) *Comedies for Amateur Acting*. Edited, with a Prefatory Note on Private Theatricals, by J. Brander Matthews. New York: Appleton.

(14) *Flags; some Account of their History and Uses*. By A. MacGeorge. London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh: Blackie & Son.

(15) *Shakespeare's Sonnets*. Edited by Edward Dowden. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

(16) *The Demon: a Poem*. By Michael Lermontoff. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Condie Stephen. Second Edition. London: Trübner & Co.

(17) *Robert Burns at Mossgiel*. By William Jolly, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Paisley: A. Gardner. 1881.